CHICAGO LEDGER

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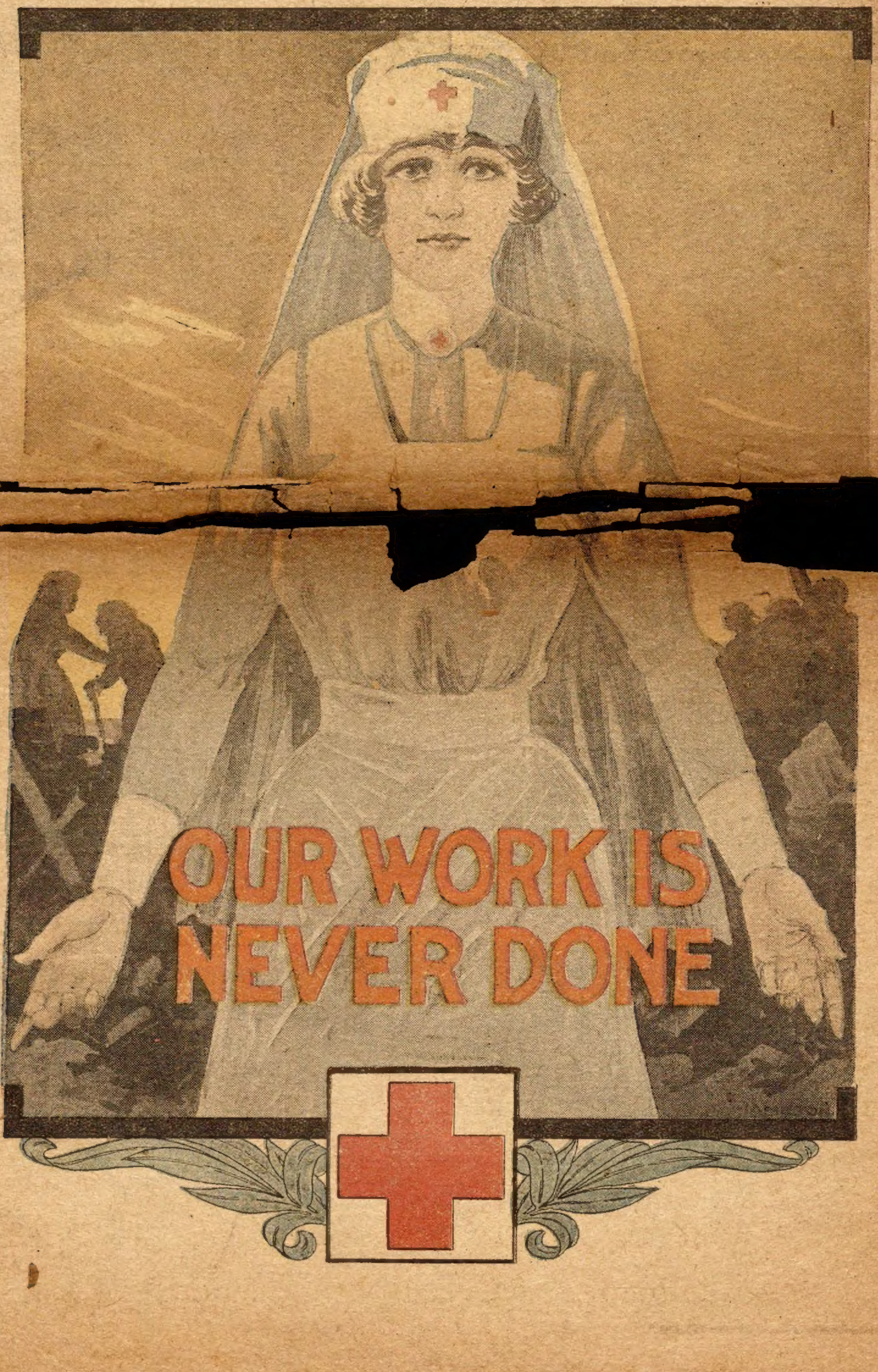
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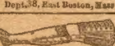

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A clean, white bed in a quiet place,
A cigarette, and the saving grace
Of smiles that illumine the nurse's face,
These are the joys the Red Cross brings.

This is the song of little things,
An old man brought to his home again,
And children who play forgetting pain,
A hut that shelters from mud and rain,
This is the rest the Red Cross brings.

—JEANNE JUDSON.

"I am the Red Cross"

By Capt. James A. Mills, A. R. C., France

I AM the Red Cross. I was born of the hearts of men. I am sustained by forty million souls. My mission is of mercy, kindness and charity. My bounds are the limits of the earth. I am my brother's keeper. I know neither color, race nor religion. My creed is the creed of service. My voice is the voice of the American people. My goal is the goal of a higher humanity. My precept is the precept of God. My reward is the gratitude of the widow and orphan, of the strong and the sick, of the unhappy and the bereaved.

I go forth into the darkness of the night, into the uncertainties of the day. I penetrate the field of battle. I defy the peril of shell and bullet. I lighten the horrors of the combat. I encourage and inspire the soldier. I give him a thousand comforts. I minister to those he has left at home. I claim the wounded from the battlefield. I bind their wounds and ease their sufferings. I mark the graves of the dead.

I go into hospital and home and hovel. I scorn contagion. I am the guardian of infant life, the apostle of health and cleanliness, the conserver of old age. I visit the sick. I bury the dead. I help [illegible] the sorrowful. I lead the blind into paths of light. I teach the crippled new ways of life.

I eradicate epidemics. I am the foe of plagues and pestilences. I mitigate the horrors of floods and fires and wrecks. I am the arch-enemy of calamities. I triumph over poverty, want and woe. I house the homeless. I feed the hungry. I clothe the naked. I protect the widow and the orphan. I am the friend and helper of all nations. My hand and heart encompass the globe. My legionaires I send to the uttermost parts of the earth—across the threatened ocean, thru war-swept territories, over infested lands. I am the sentinel of the human race. My sympathy and succor are boundless. My purse is great enough for all. A dozen nations return me homage, a dozen potentates pay me tribute. The people of the earth offer me their prayers.

My emblem is the Cross—symbol of supreme charity and of the Savior of Men. Before me, the enemy stays his hand and bows in reverence to my mercy. Behind me march ten million soldiers, with hearts for any fate. I challenge and triumph over death. My strength and struggles are for the living, my prayers and compassion for the dead.

I am the savior of life, the assuager of death. I am my brother's keeper. I am the Red Cross.

[illegible] mits Ron Ca[illegible] the American Red Cross. One dollar gives [illegible] for a year. As long as our boys remain in France there is wo[illegible]d Cross to do. In times of peace it also finds its hands full.]

Taking a Slap at the Slackers

"NO, I haven't done any knitting yet, but I'm going to soon. You see, I've been so dreadfully busy with other patriotic service. One can't do everything at once, can one? I shall begin with knitting socks. I don't see why people waste time on scarfs and sweaters when socks are so much needed.

"I shall make socks with gay-colored tops. Bright colors aid the morale, I'm sure. It would be a terrible thing to have our soldiers barefoot just because the women aren't alive to the necessity of knitting enough socks. I think I'll make a little speech at our Red Cross auxiliary on 'Swelling the Sock Supply.'

"You see, that's one of my ways of helping. I'm a volunteer speaker at the Red Cross auxiliaries. I was talking to a surgical dressing group yesterday on 'Folding for France.' I know that I inspired the workers with new zeal, for when I had finished talking one of the women said to me, 'Why don't you stay and help us yourself? You have made us all feel that we need every worker we can get.' I had to explain that other duties called.

"No, I haven't done much in surgical dressings yet. I find it makes me nervous. Many people really like to fold gauze. I think they should be unremitting in their work. How terrible it would be if any of our brave boys should suffer just because women at home don't realize the need for countless pads, sponges and compresses. Something should be done to spur them on to greater efforts. I think I shall have to do more speaking, altho just now it will be hard for me to give up any more time, because I am taking golf lessons.

"I don't know why you should look surprised, I might almost say shocked, at the mere mention of golf. We all know that the health of the Nation is a large part of its wealth. I consider it a patriotic duty to get plenty of fresh air and exercise.

"Gardening? Well, of course, one does get fresh air and exercise spading and hoeing, but I don't think they have the same effect on the physique that outdoor sports have. Do you? I have observed that farmers and market gardeners don't have the same bright complexions and free carriage that golf and tennis players acquire. However, I believe thoroly in patriotic gardens, and I shall further them all I can by speaking. I think I shall call my little talk 'Seeding for Safety.' Don't you like that? It will be frightful if we don't have food for our Allies just because people are asleep.

"Then there's the preserving of vegetables and fruits.

"No, I don't do it myself, for I can't stand the heat of a stove in summer, but last year I had my maid do a great deal of canning. As it happened, most of the things she put up spoiled. She is not clever at following written directions and I was not able to be in the kitchen much myself. However, I feel that we made our start and this season she will profit by last year's experience.

"I suppose you're buying war savings stamps? I'm intensely interested in their sale. It would be a fearful thing if the men, women and children of this country did not respond to the call of the Government for funds to push the war. People should buy to the limit.

"No, I haven't bought to the $1,000 limit myself yet, as I have a great many expenses connected with my war work. One is asked to give in so many directions, and then, of course, going about speaking as I do requires correct clothes, and in bad weather my taxi fares are really quite an item.

"I do wish you would come to hear me speak on 'Stamping Out Sedition' and 'Bonds Are Bombs.' I'm quite sure that if you could hear either speech you would feel that you must lend every dollar you can possibly spare to Uncle Sam. A woman said to me the other day that after hearing me urge economy she quite understood why so very few people were buying spring suits this season. She looked right at my new broadcloth, which is plain but very handsome. I think she realized that I had been patriotic in my selection of a suit, for it is true economy to buy good material.

"Sometimes I am perfectly aghast at the numbers of slackers there are who do nothing to help win the war. I should think people would be ashamed not to do their part in this tremendous struggle. Indeed, I am so much exercised about the apathy of nonworkers I know, who neither knit, sew, conserve food nor save for the Nation, that I'm getting up a little speech called 'Slaps for Slackers.' I do hope you will come to hear it."

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CHICAGO LEDGER

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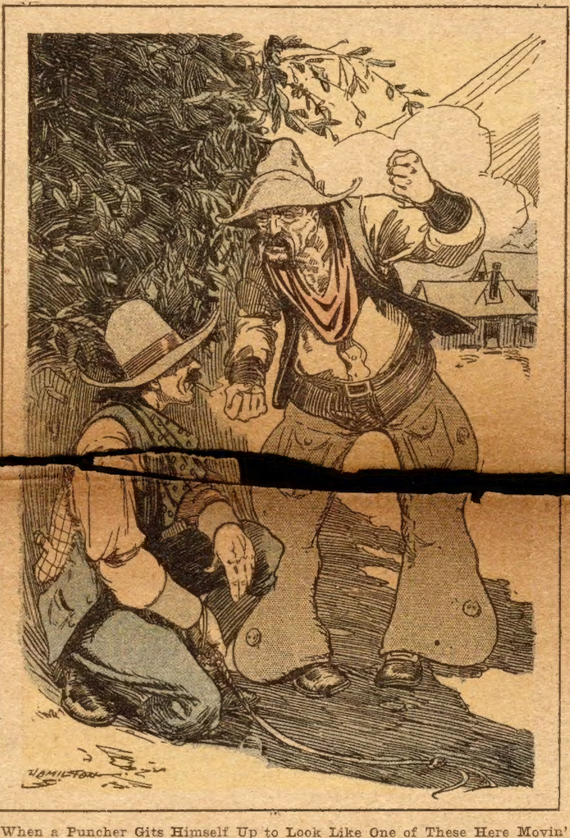
VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER 14, 1918. No. 50.

The Garfish Rides to a Fall With the Champion Rider and Roper

STRATEGY VERSUS CAMMERFLAGG

By: Albert William Stone



"When a Puncher Gits Himself Up to Look Like One of These Here Movin' Pic'ter Heroes, 'Tain't No Wonder th' Wimmin Fall."

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

THE champion's arrival at the J-Lazy-M naturally caused considerable agitation in the normally uneventful life of the outfit. Especially was this true of the Garfish, since the newcomer came self-heralded as the best all-around rider and roper on the southern Colorado ranges.

He looked the part, a fact which the Garfish resented more than anything else about him. From the top of his dashing, snake-skin-banded sombrero to the tips of his high-heeled, silver-spurred boots he was every inch a rider. And when he rode into the ranch yard and sprang from his highly-ornamented saddle, he did both like a man whose performance would measure up to the advance notices. Even the alkali which he so airily flecked from his chaps and shoulders, seemed to be of superior brand.

Miss Evangeline Murdock, pretty daughter of the boss of the J-Lazy-M, was visibly impressed. With others of the household, she stood on the front porch of the ranch house and welcomed the illustrious stranger. He acknowledged the homage in a musical drawl, in which the Texas accent predominated. He was so dashingly handsome that the Garfish gritted his teeth in impotent fury.

The Garfish was not beautiful. His body was round, and his face correspondingly so. His bowlegs accentuated his general rotundity. His eyes, while not actually protruding, were so ag[illegible] resemble a bas-[illegible] relief of op[illegible]tical expression. [illegible] voice was about as musical as the string of a worn-out violin.

"Ridin' chuck line?" the Garfish asked, as an opening insult.

To his surprise, the Texan nodded his handsome head.

"Reckon that's jes' what I'm doin'," he drawled. "Ridin' chuck line 'til I find some outfit willin' to lemme throw in with 'em." He winked happily. "Thought mebbe I might manage to hold a job o' ropin' 'n brandin'—'til somebody better come along."

It was clear from the champion's superior expression of countenance, that he didn't look for "somebody better" to come along very soon. He ambled gracefully over to where William Murdock, boss of the J-Lazy-M and father of Miss Evangeline, was standing. The evening meal was just finished, and the boss was picking his teeth reflectively.

"Think yuh could use a hand?" he suggested.

"Why, I dunno," said Murdock, letting his eye range slowly and appraisingly over the form of the applicant. "How long would yuh reckon on stayin'?"

"I want to git in on th' ropin' contest at Lossen Valley after fall roundup," the Texan explained. "I've heard that yuh got some pretty good riders up this way. I'm a fair rider myself," he added modestly.

"So I've heard," conceded Murdock, throwing away his toothpick. "Well, I'm payin' th' regulation forty a month an' chuck. Want to take on?"

"Shore do." The Texan returned to his tough little bronco, and prepared to mount into the saddle. "Some o' you boys show me th' bunkhouse?" he inquired, looking around. "I'd like to stow my kit 'n git busy."

He was accommodated. That night he was the center of attraction in the bunkhouse, most of the punchers remaining up a full hour after their usual bedtime to listen to tales of the newcomer's exploits. The Garfish was among them; but he was interested for a far different reason, as his subsequent conversation with his friend, Slim Bax-Baxter, demonstrated.

"Did yuh see how Miss 'Vangie stared at him?" remarked Slim, mischievously. Slim was familiar with the infatuation of the Garfish for that vivacious young woman.

The Garfish responded, profanely, that he had noticed it. "But who wouldn't?" he scorned. "When a puncher gits himself up to look like one o' these here movin' pic'ter heroes, 'tain't no wonder th' wimmin fall. That's all th' sense they got."

"Sure," agreed Slim. "An' if they don't wake up 'fore it's too late, they finds theirself hitched for life. Leavin' honest, shore-'nuff cow men high an' dry, wonderin' why they didn't use their haids a little."

The conversation of the pair was, perforce, conducted in whispers. The Garfish's desire for suitable emphasis was too strong for diplomatic acoustic limitations, and he reserved his comment for the next day.

It was evening before he and his friend had an opportunity to resume their talk. By that time the Garfish had considerably more grievances to air.

"'Taint his looks; yuh kin bet on that," he told Slim Baxter, addressing a shaky match to his cigarette. "If I do say it——"

"I know," hastily cut in the other. "He can't hold a candle to you, when it comes to looks. But he's got somethin' else that carries him thru."

"What's that?"

"Reputation," asserted Slim. "That's what wins wimmin, when yuh come right down to it—reputation. Don't make any difference whether it's good or bad. Jest so it's there."

The slim one scratched a match on the seat of his overalls and continued: "Take th' Pronto Kid, f'r instance. He was as homely a piece o' human flesh as ever hit th' Hardscrabble. His legs was so bowed out that they almost made a circle, an' what hair he had was in rusty patches, 'most as red as th' freckles on his face. He didn't have but one eye; th' other'd been shot out by Double-Gun Lafe Lynch, one time when they had an argument over a game o' draw. An' that one optic looked like a cove oyster what had been boiled too long in stale dish-water.

"But th' Pronto Kid was there on reputation. He made people talk about him, an' kept 'em at it. Every time things got too quiet 'n there seemed to be danger that folks' 'ud fergit him, th' Kid 'ud ride out o' th' Rock Springs canon, where he maintained his headquarters, an' hold up a train or two. He always wore the same kind of a mask—a green one, with three-cornered holes cut in it fer his eyes. That was so he'd git a reputation—savvy?

"One day th' Kid got too confident, an' a sheriff's posse run him down jest at th' edge of th' canon. They took him to th' county jail, jest managin' to stave off a lynchin' before they shut th' steel doors on him. When time come for his trial, th' court room was jammed to th' doors with—what do yuh think?"

"Wimmin, I s'pose," said the Garfish sourly.

"Yuh guessed it. Wimmin—two hundred of 'em. The most stylish wimmin in Lossen Valley, at that—not female scrubs, like yuh'd think 'ud be interested in a roughneck train robber. Society dames. They roosted along th' court room railin' an' stared at that ugly, one-eyed son o' Satan till th' judge got mad an' threatened to clear th' court room if they didn't cut it out.

"Think that made any difference to them? Not a bit. They kept right on starin' at th' prisoner an' whisperin' to each other how rugged he was, an' wasn't it just too brave for anything, th' way he held up them trains all by his lonesome?"

"Maybe he had one o' them there hypnotic eyes," suggested the Garfish.

"Not him," denied Slim Baxter. "He was cross-eyed; that's what he was. Looked like his one good eye was always tryin' to git over in th' socket of th' bad one. As fer conversation, he couldn't say two words without cussin'. I ain't got no objections to a reasonable amount o' strong langwidge, myself; but when it comes to cussin' between syllables, like th' Kid did, I claim there's a limit to all things. Why, when th' judge told him to stand up an' spring any reason why he shouldn't be hung, drawn an' quartered an' have his other eye took out, th' durn fool didn't have no more command of hisself than to cuss th' court! Said afterward he didn't mean to, but was jest tellin' it in his own way.

"An' them wimmin—durned if they [illegible] pink-scented notes for th' next two weeks, [illegible] for that dawggoned prairie hawk. Didn't give no reason in any of 'em, 'cept that it seemed a pity to hang such a brave man!"

"Well, where do I come in?" demanded the Garfish. "Want me to go out an' hold up a train?"

But Slim Baxter had other things in mind. "If yuh want to win th' boss' daughter, yuh'll have to git a reputation," he explained. "All she knows about yuh now is that yuh smoke cigarettes, an' eat grub like a horse. That ain't gonna win any female hearts, old timer. This maverick from Texas has brought his reputation with him, yuh see."

"He's gotta make good on it next roundup," said the Garfish.

"Sure. He'll prob'ly do it, too. He looks like a rider, all right."

"I s'pose yuh want me to make a monkey out o' him in that contest, don't yuh?"

"Naw!" snorted Slim Baxter. "What you want to do is to make a monkey of him before that contest. Otherwise he's liable to beat yuh to it."

It matters not how high in the scale of achievement a cow man may have climbed; when he joins a new outfit he must prove, by actual demonstration, his right to the distinction. To have gained a reputation on a distant range, is one thing; to maintain it on another is utterly impossible without visible delivery of the goods.

The Texas champion, who answered to the name of "Peaceful Henry" was no exception. He early sensed the antagonism of the Garfish, and correctly diagnosed the symptoms. Moreover, there was reason to believe that he would not be averse to winning the heart of the pretty Evangeline, particularly since he had noted the admiration in her brown eyes the night of his arrival.

Therefore he lost no opportunity to perform spectacular feats of horsemanship before those eyes, such as hanging

by one leg while he swept the ground with his sombrero, picking up his neckerchief at the correct instant when his speedy bronco tore past it. Once he seized the chance to rope a steer that had wandered in from the range, throwing it with an expert jerk and tying its legs with brilliant speed and workmanlike accuracy. The feat was performed in the front yard of the ranch house, at a moment when Evangeline happened to be seated in a porch rocker. She clapped her hands in approbation, whereat the Texan rode gracefully away, smiling at her over his shoulder.

The Garfish was a good roper and brander, but he was not a super-expert. He was too fat, as a matter of fact. He lacked that hard leanness that characterizes so many sons of the range country. Hence, his jealousy of the Texan was as impotent as it was intense.

"Yuh gotto show him up; that's what yuh gotta do," was Slim Baxter's declaration, some three weeks after Peaceful Henry's arrival. "Don't yuh see he's cuttin' yuh out?"

"All right," responded the Garfish bitterly. "I gotta show him up. Maybe yuh kin tell me how to go at it, seein' as you're so all-fired certain about it."

"Don't yuh read th' war news?"

"What's that got to do with it? D'yuh reckon I'd orter punch him in th' jaw?"

"Naw!" Slim Baxter spat disgustedly. "That ain't no way to git a stand-in with a female woman, yuh simp. Th' days when a love-sick gink could git hisself hitched fer life by exhibitin' his talents as a prize fighter, is past. Wimmin is queer. They pretend they like a feller to show his muscles; an' then when he shows her what them muscles is for, by landin' on some other feller's nose, she calls him a brute an' proceeds to stop th' blood with her handkerchief. I know 'em," Slim added with the sophisticated air of vast experience.

"What did yuh make that there reference to th' war news fer, then?" the Garfish demanded.

"'Cause. There's somethin' in th' war news that'll show yuh how to put this here pretty Texas boy down an' out, so far as Miss Evangeline is concerned," responded Slim.

The Garfish explored his limited memory. "I don't git yuh," he acknowledged.

"Of course yuh don't. That's what ails yuh. Yuh read th' headlines, an' see that th' French has gained against th' Germans. That's as far as yuh go." Slim Baxter's sarcasm waxed more pronounced. "I don't s'pose what General Foch is doin' bo[illegible] a bit, now, [illegible] it?"

[illegible] Foch?"

Slim threw up his hands in a gesture of despair.

"General Foch," he said impressively, "is th' gink that is bossin' th' hull outfit over there. Every time there's a roundup he sees that his brand is put on all the he-stuff roped. There's a half a dozen big outfits throwed in together, 'n as fast as th' German cattle is cut out o' th' herd they're run into corrals."

"What's that got to do with me an' this here Texas wonder?"

"I'm comin' to that. If yuh study General Foch's way o' fightin', you'll get some ideas. F'r instance, General Foch's an expert on what they calls strategy."

The Garfish mouth opened automatically and Slim hastily waved his hand. "I'm explainin' what strategy is, in a minute," he said.

"S'pose, now, this here Peaceful Henry is winnin' his way into Miss Evangeline's affections by tellin' her what a wonder he is fancy ridin'. That's propaganda—savvy? If he keeps it up long enough, he ropes th' girl an' puts his own brand on her.

"But s'pose you happens along, calls out Peaceful Henry, aims your fist at his face an' soaks him in th' slats instead. That's strategy."

The Garfish's protuberent eyes were stretched to their widest extent, showing that he was interested. "Go on," he directed.

"Well, that's all they is to it," said Slim, simulating surprise.

"I see. I calls out Peaceful Henry, makes out like I'm gonna land one in th' middle of his countenance, an' then, when he ain't lookin', I kicks him in th' stomach. It's all clear as th' mud in a dry water hole," remarked the Garfish. "Any more advice yuh kin give me, while you're in th' explainin' mood?"

"Huh!" grunted Slim. "I see I gotta go into details. Dawggone a thick-headed puncher, anyhow! Lemme think."

He rolled a cigarette and lighted it. Then he balanced himself on the tongue of the hay-wagon in the shadow of which they were carrying on their discussion, and dropped into deep reflection. It was fully five minutes before he aroused himself.

"I got it!" he announced.

"Spill it!"

"Git this Texas short-horn tangled up in his own rope. Then tie him up an' kick him off'n th' range. See?"

The Garfish admitted, with profane emphasis, that he'd be dawggoned if he did. Whereupon Slim Baxter elucidated.

Within the next two days the behavior of the Garfish toward the Texas rider underwent a marked change. Instead of glowering at him whenever they happened to catch sight of each other, the Garfish became suspiciously cordial. He played on the Texan's weak side—his vanity, to be explicit—by demanding tales of the other's prowess with the rope and steer. At the conclusion of one of the recitals, the Garfish expressed his admiration by reference to Peaceful Henry's powers of description.

"Yuh gotta voice that cert'nly hypnotizes a feller," he remarked. "Sounds like water runnin' down hill."

Slim Baxter, who was present, scowled ferociously at the Garfish; whereupon that young man hastily recanted.

"That ain't what I mean, either," he explained. 'What I'm aimin' to say is, yuh got a musical way o' spellin'. Shouldn't wonder," he continued, in what he fondly imagined was a sleekly insinuating tone, "but what yuh was somethin' of a singer, along with your other accomplishments."

The average cow puncher is a simple minded individual. He knows little or nothing of the art of innuendo. Peaceful Henry, strange to relate, failed utterly to detect the sinister undercurrent in the Garfish's remark. He smiled a modest smile.

"Why, th' boys down in Texas used tuh say I was some there with th' singin'," he drawled, "but I'm out o' practice."

"I'd shore like to hear yuh when you're in practice, then," interjected Slim Baxter. "I heard yuh hummin' down in th' bunk t'other night, 'n I gotta hand it to yuh, Peaceful. You're there."

The praise did not overwhelm the Texan. He accepted it as homage that was his due.

'Yuh'd orter hear me when there's a pianny around," he said. "Then maybe I'd show yuh some singin'."

"There's one at th' schoolhouse," suggested the Garfish.

"Yes—but how kin we git at it?" demanded Slim Baxter, playing his role as self-assigned. "Th' schoolhouse is locked all summer, ain't it?"

"We might use th' one up at the house——" began Peaceful Henry; but the Garfish cut him off.

"Can't we git th' consent of th' board o' trustees, yuh boob?" he said to Slim, scorn in his tone. "I don't reckon they're gonna lynch us if we ask 'em."

"Yes—but what reason'll we give fer wantin' it?"

The Garfish feigned profound thought. Suddenly he struck himself on the forehead, as one who has the right to utter "Eureka!"

"I got it!" he announced excitedly. "We'll give a show!"

"Great!" approved Slim Baxter.

"An' we'll put yuh on th' program fer a couple o' good songs—somethin' classical," continued the Garfish, turning to Peaceful Henry.

"Better make 'em popular," hastily proposed the Texan. "Yuh see," he added, by way of explanation, "this here classifical stuff goes over their heads, mostly. They wouldn't appreciate it."

"Pop'lar she is, then."

The proposal to stage a concert in the schoolhouse, which was located about three miles from the outer boundaries of the J-Lazy-M, created something of a sensation among the other members of the outfit. Up at the ranchhouse there was corresponding enthusiasm. Plans for the program were started immediately, and the date for the event was set for two weeks hence. The crafty objection of the Garfish to rehearsing the Texan's songs at the ranch-house piano, was well founded. For reasons obvious to himself and Slim Baxter, he wanted the graceful rider's vocal accomplishments to remain a secret until the night of the show. His own energy in building the program was suspiciously pronounced, as he rode of evenings from outfit to outfit and ranch to ranch, recruiting talent, and advertising the coming event far and wide.

The editor of the Lossen Vallen weekly newspaper, the Hardscrabble News, learned of it and called up the J-Lazy-M, seeking particulars. He was told that the Garfish would supply the details; which the Garfish obligingly did, the next day. He spent ten minutes at the telephone recounting the excellent features on the program, and dwelt lengthily and glowingly upon the forthcoming revelation of Peaceful Henry's prowess as a singer.

"We're savin' him fer a surprise," he said over the wire. "Yuh know he's th' champeen rider an' roper of Southern Colorado. He's also the best looking cowpuncher that ever hit th' Hardscrabble; we wouldn't have him with us now if he wasn't gonna take part in th' ropin' contest next month. An' he's——"

"Hold on," cut in the editor. "Why all this praise of a strange cowpuncher? This doesn't sound entirely natural."

"Why, it's all true," responded the Garfish innocently. "An' he's th' best singer I ever heard, bar none. He's gotta a voice like a bird——"

"All right," again interrupted the editor. "I'll take care of that part of it. Tell me about the rest of your talent. What I want is names."

The next issue of the News was eagerly sought by Slim Baxter and the Garfish. When they had read the account of the school-house entertainment about to be given, the Garfish carried the sheet proudly to Peaceful Henry.

"Dunno how th' editor got a holt o' this, but here it is," he said, offering the paper to the Texan. "Read what he says about you."

And here is what Peaceful Henry saw, in cold type:

"Not the least among the attractions on the program, as outlined for the benefit of News readers, is the scheduled appearance of Mr. Henry Daingerfield, known from one end of the Western range country to the other, as 'Peaceful Henry.'

"Mr. Daingerfield is to sing at least two solos, the names of which are being kept a secret—as, indeed, is everything else connected with his appearance. It is known, however, that before coming to the Hardscrabble region he was in keen demand in musical circles of the South, where his reputation for vocal melody was equaled only by his undisputed prowess with the rope and saddle.

"Handsome as an Apollo, and graceful as only an artist of his attainments can be, Mr. Daingerfield will undoubtedly add substantially to his laurels when he greets the elite of the Hardscrabble at the schoolhouse next Friday night."

There was more of it; and when Peaceful Henry read it all, he swelled so visibly that the Garfish choked with the effort to hold down his risibles. He sought out Slim Baxter.

"Swallered it, hook, line an' sinker," he reported. "Th' dawggoned coyote believes every word that editor wrote about him, sure as you're out o' knee pants. Oh, boy—I kin hardly wait fer next Friday night."

"Did yuh leave th' paper with him?" asked Slim.

"Shore did."

"That's right. He'll show it to Miss 'Vangie."

"Cert'nly. 'N she'll swaller it, too. Lord, but ain't she headed straight fer an awful jolt when she hears him sing!"

The preparations for the concert went on. The Garfish attended to the purchase of the music with which Peaceful Henry was to regale his hearers. With what he considered nice discrimination, he chose "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" and "I Don't Know Why I Love You, but I Do." The Garfish was fully aware that the songs were of an age obsolete; but as he explained to Slim Baxter, up-to-dateness was not an issue.

"What we want is to give him a chance to advertise that voice o' his'n," he chuckled. "Besides, these here songs is cheaper."

The rehearsals, by virtue of Slim's and the Garfish's careful arrangements, were unattended so far as Peaceful Henry's participation was concerned. He played his own accompaniment, demonstrating that he was something of an instrumentalist, too. The first time the Garfish heard him sing "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," he went outside and rolled about under the schoolhouse window in an ecstacy of joy.

"Sufferin' rattlesnakes, what a voice!" he choked.

For Peaceful Henry, adept as he was with the piano, horse, rope, saddle and conversation, undeniably drew a blank when he selected his singing voice. In speech, he was patently musical; but in melody, he was not.

"Sounds jest like a steamboat whistle with th' heaves," declared the Garfish to Slim Baxter. "He couldn't carry a tune in a pair o' saddle bags, he couldn't."

"Folks'll think we got a span o' mules hee-hawin', when he cuts loose,' agreed Slim with one of his rare grins. "But they'll shore be entertained; yuh'll have to allow that."

The Hardscrabble News came out again on the day of the concert, and the Garfish saw to it that the editor was regaled with additional press stuff concerning Peaceful Henry's appearance. The announcement of a show at the school house would have drawn a good-sized crowd under any circumstances; but the joyous abandon with which the Texan's appearance was advertised, assured a packed house. Which was precisely what Slim Baxter and the Garfish wanted.

In the meantime, Peaceful Henry lost no opportunity to improve his friendship with the admiring Evangeline, who, by now, was approaching a distinctly warmer stage.

More than once the Garfish was obliged to grit his teeth at the spectacle of the girl riding off with the handsome Texan. They were in each other's society rather more than occasionally.

"Let 'em alone," advised Slim Baxter sagely. "Th' more rope yuh give him, th' worse he's gonna git hisself tangled up—savvy? Jest wait till next Friday night. I gotta pic'ter of them two ridin' out together any more after that. Th' sight of his face'll give her th' willies whenever she recollects his singin' voice."

"Maybe his voice won't make no difference," suggested the Garfish fearfully. "Some wimmin ain't got no ear fer music."

"Never fear," comforted Slim. "Even if she ain't, th' rest of that there audience will make up fer it. When they start givin' Peaceful Henry th' hawse laugh, I reckon they ain't gonna be no half-way measures about it. Wimmin can't stand bein' laughed at; an' she'll know dawggoned well that if she marries that maverick after his showin' in front of that there Hardscrabble crowd, they'll both git laughed at every time they sticks their noses out doors. Besides, Bill Murdock ain't gonna stand fer it, if she does."

And thus matters stood when the night of the concert arrived.

The Hardscrabble folk were no pikers when it came to patronizing home talent. They came to the school house in every imaginable conveyance; the cowpunchers astride their bronchos, the well-to-do ranchers in automobiles, and their less fortunate brethern in buckboards. By seven o'clock the schoolhouse was filled to capacity, while the space immediately surrounding it was black with steeds and vehicles.

The Garfish [illegible] new [illegible] splendent in [illegible] suit of store clothes, with celluloid collar, rubber cuffs and a blood-red tie. His hair he had had trimmed that day at the Lossen Valley barber shop. The barber, in his haste, had accidently overlooked the Garfish's double cowlick, with the result that several strands of stiff hair stood up behind, like late-comers to the morning sermon. His round, bronzed face shone with the scrubbing he had given it in honor of the auspicious occasion. It also shone with something resembling anticipation.

The other members of the J-Lazy-M outfit appeared in their ordinary habilaments, consisting of chaps, spurred boots, red and blue shirts, gaudy neckerchiefs and broad-brimmed sombreros. Most of them wore leather gauntlets over their sun-hardened wrists.

William Murdock, the boss of the J-Lazy-M, had made one of his periodical trips to Lossen Valley that day, and had not yet returned. He assured the perspiring impresarios, however, that he would "shore be on hand." Miss Evangeline had gone to town with him, and had expressed equal determination to be one of the auditors at the concert.

"We don't need her assurance," chuckled Slim Baxter. "She wouldn't miss it fer her daddy's ranch."

With true dramatic instinct, the arch-conspirators had arranged the program so that Peaceful Henry's appearance should be last.

"If we puts him anywhere else, there won't be no more program," wisely counseled Slim Baxter. "After they hears him, they'll have enough to last 'em fer three months."

The Garfish, after some difficulty in getting his collar settled in its place, finally arose and rapped the table with a stick of wood he had commandeered as his gavel. His trepidation at facing the audience vanished before he had uttered half a dozen words, such was his natural sang-froid on all occasions.

"Ladies 'n gentlemen, also cow-punchers, th' show is about to begin," he announced in his high nasal voice. "Th' first thing on th' program is——"

"A speech by Garfish McRafferty!" sang out one of the audience.

The master of ceremonies glared at the offender.

"I might a knowed that some such interruption 'ud come from you," he said witheringly. "Some punchers can't seem to understand that there's occasions when they'd orter keep their dawggoned mouths shut. If I hears any more such onseemly behavior, there'll be some fireworks, even if they ain't on th' program."

The offender subsided meekly under the glare of the Garfish's popping eyes.

Another Story of the Garfish Next Week

"THE SIMP" had endured much from his associates, the cowpunchers of the J-Lazy-M outfit. Because of his pacific disposition gross advantage was taken of him, as is ever the way. He had suffered in silence when the others tossed him in a [illegible] blanket, booted him all over [illegible] the camp in [illegible] nt him spinning [illegible] some nearby arroyo as the luckless tail-ender in "Crack the Whip." It was the Garfish who conceived the idea of putting "The Simp" in touch with some lovelorn maiden in the effete East. Thereby hangs a tale that will make you laugh until your sides ache. It will appear in the Ledger next week under the title, "Money in the Mail."

and the announcement went on.

"Th' first thing on th' program'll be a"—he squinted at the paper in his hand—"a recitation by Mabel Anderson, entitled, 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight.'"

Little Miss Anderson stumbled to the platform, and, after making a jerky bow that set her flaxen curls to bobbing, launched boldly into the oft-told story of the un-rung curfew.

She was followed by a song rendered by the Hardscrabble quartet, four bronzed young men whose voices betrayed years of rehearsal on the open ranges. They had selected as their number the sterling old success, "Asleep in the Deep," with that strange perversity which leads most souls to attempt, in art, that with which they are absolutely unfamiliar in real life. However, their rendition was greeted with clamorous applause; whereupon they encored with a group of "coon" songs.

The evening was warm, and in fifteen minutes the Garfish's wisdom in selecting a celluloid collar was manifest. The perspiration ran from his countenance in streams. Once he leaned over to Slim Baxter, who occupied a post of honor on the platform, and confided his inner emotions.

"This strategy business may have its advantages," he declared, "but I'll take open-air fightin' in mine, after this."

"Yuh won't marry no ranch heiresses that away," grimly retorted Slim.

The evening wore away, and the fore part of the program came to a final close. The Garfish noted with satisfaction that the Murdock family had arrived. As was to be expected, they were accompanied by Peaceful Henry Daingerfield.

The Texan, strange to relate, had not arrayed himself in store clothes, as the Garfish more than half expected he would. He appeared in full puncher's regalia, chaps and all. Evidently he had an eye for the dramatic effect of the picturesque.

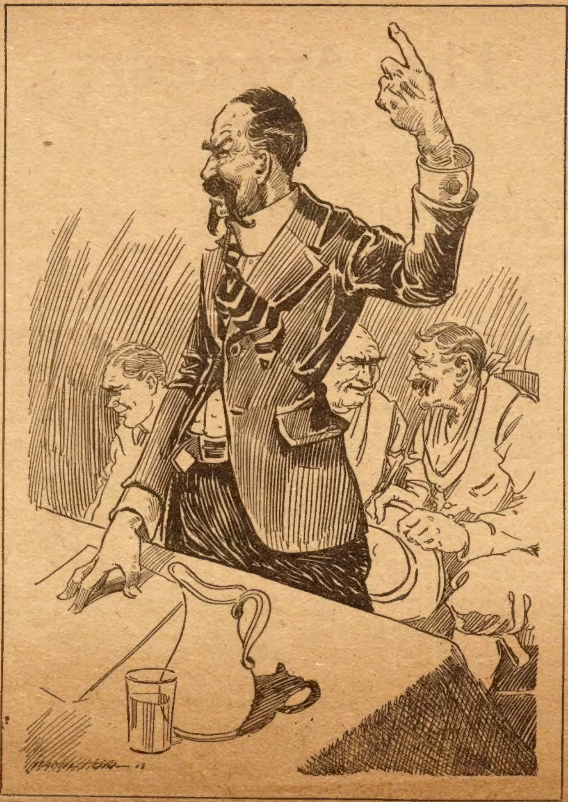
Miss Evangeline's face was flushed with expectation and her brown eyes sparkled more than ever. The trio found seats which had been reserved for them near the front. The Garfish cleared his throat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced in his most impressive tone, "we are now about to receive a treat." He gazed gloatingly at the handsome face of the Texan, who sat between Miss Evangeline and her father. "Mr. Peaceful Henry Daingerfield, what you've all heard about as th' champeen rider an' roper of Southern Colorado an' Texas, will favor us with a couple o' songs.

"As a singer, ladies an' gentlemen, Peaceful Henry has few equals." The Garfish had rehearsed this speech for two weeks and had it letter perfect. "He has sung to large an' brilliant audiences in the great cities of th' East, an' has deelighted millions with th' pure, liquid tones that come warblin' out o' his throat. He says so hisself, so I reckon it must be so."

That he was employing sarcasm not unmixed with venom, was apparent to all present. The time for temporizing being past, however, the Garfish went the limit of his vocabulary in paving the way for the ignominious downfall of his rival.

It took the Garfish ten minutes to complete his eulogy of Peaceful Henry, by which time half the audience was in a fever of expectation, and the other half in the throes of disgust over the speaker's long-windedness. When he sat down, and Peaceful Henry rose from his seat, however, there was tremendous applause.



The Garfish Went the Limit of His Vocabulary in Paving the Way for the Ignominious Downfall of His Rival.

"Now fer th' blowoff," breathed the Garfish into the ear of Slim Baxter. "Th' poor fish thinks he kin sing. Durned if I don't feel kinda sorry fer him."

It was supposed that Peaceful Henry would play his own accompaniment, as at rehearsal. But as he stepped forward, the roll of music in his hand and his face wreathed in a smile, Miss Evangeline Murdock rose with him, and also walked to the platform, where she took her place at the piano.

"What th'—what does that mean!" hissed the Garfish.

Before Slim could answer Miss Evangeline had launched into the prelude to the song. To the bewilderment of Slim Baxter and his confederate, however, it was neither "The Bird in the Gilded Cage" nor "I Don't Know Why I Love You, but I Do." The astounded conspirators had never heard the song that the accompanist was playing.

Their astonishment, however, was speedily to be dissipated. It was absorbed, overwhelmed; for when Peaceful Henry opened his mouth and began to sing, his voice bore not the slightest resemblance to the foghorn monstrosity he had exhibited to the Garfish and Slim Baxter. Instead, it rolled forth as a superb baritone; and the song that he sang was one which no man or woman in that audience had ever heard, save on their phonograph records!

When he had finished, there was the instant of pause which is a certain tribute to an artist. Then the applause burst forth. It lasted for five minutes, and only subsided when the singer, bowing and smiling, consented to an encore.

The rest of the evening was a sort of nightmare to the Garfish. The direction of the entertainment was taken from his hands, apparently. The audience demanded more and more from Peaceful Henry, until he was laughingly obliged to desist, pointing to his throat as a sign that he was vocally exhausted.

As he wound up with a group of Western songs, the lilt of which had set half the audience to shuffling their feet, the elongated form of William Murdock was seen to rise from its place in the audience. The others gave him instant attention, as he stood gazing about him, a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye.

"Friends," he said, "I reckon you've been some surprised at what you've heard tonight." There was a chorus of assent. "Well, I've got another one fer yuh."

The Garfish sat forward, his pop-eyes apparently about to start out of his head. Surprises were coming fast this night.

"Yuh been listenin' to a gent, tonight, what happens to be a mighty distinguished gent," continued the boss of the J-Lazy-M, pulling nervously at his long mustache. "Him and my daughter, there, has intrusted me with th' job o' tellin' you-all th' truth about it. Peaceful Henry ain't his name—leastways, it hasn't been but a short spell."

The singer still maintained his place on the platform. The Garfish noted that he was smiling at Miss Evangeline Murdock, and that Miss Evangeline was smiling back.

"Also, I gotta confess somethin' else," went on the rancher, grinning painfully. "You folks think yuh been listenin' to Evangeline Murdock play, tonight. Well, yuh ain't. That ain't her name, at all."

The audience stared at him as if they thought him gone suddenly daft. He hastened with his explanation.

"Peaceful Henry's real name," he said, "is Mr. Henry G. Raleigh, known from coast to coast as a champion polo player, trick rider an' all-round athlete. He's also known as th' leadin' singer of th' San Monica grand op'ra company, of New York."

The revelation created temporary stupefication. Then, the audience grasping the significance of it, a roar of applause engulfed them. The distinguished athlete and artist smiled modestly.

The rancher held up his hand.

"Don't fergit," he shouted, 'that other confession o' mine."

There was instant silence. Miss Murdock smiled nervously, as her father pointed a stubby finger at her.

"You'all been knowin' that young woman as 'Vangie Murdock,'" he said. "Well, she ain't. She's—Mrs. Henry G. Raleigh. They was married this afternoon in Lossen Valley, an' there's gonna be a big weddin' blowout at my place tomorrow—all day. You're all invited."

He was obliged to shout the last, in the mounting din. Raleigh pushed his way over to where the Garfish sat, and extended his hand.

"I couldn't help it, boys," he shouted in his ear. "The temptation was too great to withstand."

And then he was surrounded by the congratulatory throng.

"That was all-fired fine strategy yuh wished on me," sneered the Garfish late that night, to Slim Baxter. "Worked swell, didn't it?"

"Strategy was all right," mumbled Slim. "Trouble was, we wasn't lookin' for Peaceful Henry to be resortin' to cammerflagg."

The Inconsistency of Dad

"DURING your absence," sighed the girl with the weary air, "I made an unfortunate discovery."

"Yes?" queried the girl who had traveled a year. "Let's have it."

"It was about dad," said the girl with the weary air. "Dad, as you know, is a dear, and it grieved me deeply to discover that he has an unhappy failing."

"Really? How interesting! The failing is——"

"Inconsistency. However, to make myself clear: Of course you recall dad's old objection to summering at fashionable resorts. He insists, you remember, that we meet so many people every year from our own city and are thereby compelled to do a lot of enervating entertaining in the winter."

The girl who had traveled smiled.

"And that when spring arrives," continued the girl with the weary air, "mother is a fit subject for the sanitarium and I am worn to a frazzle."

"I've seen you look the part," complimented the girl who had traveled.

"But never so much so as now. And I wasn't at a fashionable resort last summer, either. You see, we gave in to dad and went to a lake up north that we had never heard of. As there was only one hotel there and most of the houses about were farmhouses, dad declared we'd have a peaceful summer, and for once in our lives would not meet a crowd for whose sake it would be necessary to almost kill ourselves in the winter.

"I must confess that we did find the lake and its environs restful and beautiful. And the people were very friendly and nice, so homelike. Dad called them 'worth whiles' and fraternized with them at once."

The girl who had traveled smiled warmly.

"You know," went on the girl with the weary air, "dad was a farmer boy.

"I don't think you would have known him last summer," she continued. "He was rigged out in an old flannel shirt, khaki trousers and a floppy straw hat. And in his actions—really, he was a boy again, so young, so carefree, so happy. But he proved so inconsistent.

"It was this way," she explained: "On the day of our departure everybody came to see us off. Of course, dad had a word for every one, from the Burtons' 6-month-old to Grandpa Mefford, aged 80. Yes, I must admit it was fine to see dad so interested, and to note the warm admiration the folks had for him. I was quite happy about it and proud of dad, until I suddenly discovered that he was extending to every individual on that platform a hearty invitation to come and see us in the winter. What do you think of that? Wasn't it a fine piece of inconsistenccy? Depriving us of the gayeties of the seasons to insure a 'restful' winter, then giving out invitations by the wholesale!

"In consequence there has been scarcely a week this winter in which we haven't had company—dad's company. First it was the Tinkers—in installments, then the Dakins, then Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and during the Christmas holidays the Brown twins.

"Those twins," tragically, "almost finished me. From 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. they were on the go every minute, and I with them. Every morning we visited the shops, and always there were a hundred questions to answer to the second. We made three visits out to the animal house in Lincoln Park; we went to a circus, and visited all the movies within a radius of five miles of our house. Is it any wonder I'm worn to a frazzle?"

"I think you're looking remarkably well," responded the girl who had traveled, "and—so happy!"

The girl with the weary air, ignoring the disagreement, wailed: "Then to have dad simply rave over the visit of the Brown twins, and insist that this winter has been the most worth while we've spent in years, when he knows I never had so much to do in all my life before, is most exasperating! And to cap things, this morning he positively asked me to write little Miss Blake, who teaches school near the lake, and invite her down for the Easter vacation! Did ever you hear of such inconsistency?"

"Perhaps," answered the girl who had traveled, "knowing your dad as I do, I can't consider him inconsistent. Perhaps I think it was perfectly lovely of him—planning that kind of a winter. Perhaps——

"Oh," she broke off wistfully, "I wish I might have helped with the Brown twins, and with those others, to whom the city heretofore has been just a dream! Perhaps you'll let me with little Miss Blake. Will you?"

The girl with the weary air, whose eyes were widening strangely, hesitated. "I—I—haven't sent the invitation yet."

"But you will—because it's so worth while!"

"Do you think so?" gently asked the girl whose weariness was fast evolving into a very human warmth. "Then I shall, right away!"

* * *

He Knew From Experience.

A SCOTTISH farmer, being elected a school manager, visited the village school and tested the intelligence of the class by his metaphysical questions. His first inquiry was, "Now, boys, can any one of you tell me what naething is?"

After a momentary silence a small boy in a back seat rose and replied, "It's wat ye gi'ed me t'other day for holdin' yer horse!"

Third Installment of

The Avengers

By Headon Hill

What the Story Is About.

MARION FERMOR, an heiress, determines to release her fiance, Nigel Lukyn, from an insane asylum, believing him sane. For this purpose, thru Detective Quayne, she hires Leslie Armytage, his double, to take Lukyn's place. Armytage falls in love with Marion. While on his way to the asylum he is shot at. Then, when he is at the asylum, he discovers that Lukyn is really insane and means harm to Marion. The Knights of Industry have sworn to kill Nigel Lukyn. They mistake Armytage for him. So does Marion, and when he meets her to tell her about Nigel's insanity, she will not listen, and they make plans for their marriage. Armytage does his best to throw the assassins off his trail.

The story began in No. 48, the Ledger, dated Nov. 30. Back copies may be obtained from this office or from newsdealers and our agents.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE SPIDERS SPIN THEIR WEB.

ABOUT noon on the day after the events last related, Miss Berthe Roumier once again invaded the privacy of Messrs. Scorrier Voules and Fayter Frayne in their sumptuous apartment at the Hotel Colossal.

"You have marked him down? You have located Lukyn?" the two men exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes, I reckon you can congratulate me, boys, on a successful trip," cried Berthe, pirouetting to the mirror over the mantelpiece. "My reading of that rich minx's scheme was absolutely correct. She met Lukyn on the jetty at Broadstairs last night and I overheard all their plans. She came back to London by the same train as myself this morning, tho I kept out of her way today."

"Then we are for Broadstairs—if Lukyn remains behind? We kept close, expecting that you would summon us," said Frayne and Voules together.

"There was no need to summon you," replied Berthe, striking a theatrical attitude. "The fly is even now on his way to the spider's web. Mr. Nigel Lukyn is following his lady-love by the next train, for the sake of appearances, I suppose, and he is to stay—where do you think? Right here at the Colossal."

Voules sat down heavily in his lounge chair and fumbled for a cigarette. "Neat, by thunder!" he murmured softly. "It is my turn next, then?"

"I am not so sure that either of you will have a turn of any sort at the hotel," she rejoined. "You must remember that we are still in the dark as to the identity of Miss Fermor's adviser in the planning of her scheme. For all we know we may be under surveillance by Miss Fermor's astute collaborator."

"You think that you perceive the fine Roman hand of a leading detective in his work?" drawled Voules.

"It looks like that," Berthe Roumier assented. "Fortunately we have every facility for learning whether his attentions have been drawn our way before we strike our blow. As Luckyn will be staying under the same roof with you, you should be able to discover whether he is being protected by any one."

"And if he is?" asked Frayne sharply.

"In that case, my fiery friend, I shall have to refer the question to headquarters by cable in our cipher code," Berthe replied. "The Chief's instructions were that we should not necessarily sacrifice our lives and liberties, and he would probably replace us with a fresh executive not liable to suspicion.

"Sit near Lukyn at meals; have drinks with him at the bar—do anything, in short, to pick his brains. What we chiefly want to learn is whether he has heard of our bungling attempt on his double, and if so whether it has scared him, as being really meant for himself. Where they are going for their honeymoon would also be useful information, tho I may be able to get that from Crispin, Miss Fermor's maid."

"Lukyn, being supposed to be still in the asylum, will naturally not pass under his own name while at this hotel?" said Frayne.

"Nor even be married under it," returned Berthe. "He is going to use the name of Leslie Armytage, which, it appears, is that of the man personating him at Grey Gables."

There was silence among the confederates for a while, broken by the lazily-put but pertinent question from Voules: "Is the man really sane, Berthe? It occurs to me that it is a point which we ought to consider."

"Why?" snarled Frayne. "Our mandate is to kill him anyhow."

"Nevertheless, Scorrier is right," Berthe corrected him. "A madman would require different treatment—especially in the preliminaries. The cunning of a lunatic is proverbial, and I should imagine that he would give you more trouble to fathom his plans. But I could detect no sign of insanity in Mr. Nigel Lukyn's conversation with his girl on Broadstairs jetty. He has either been cured by the worthy Doctor Beaman, or else old Lady Lukyn had him shut up because of some drunken freak or transient eccentricity. You, Scorrier, with your medical experience, ought to be able to diagnose his complaint when you see him."

"I shall certainly endeavor to do so," said the tall man musingly. "From my particular point of view the question is highly important."

"You mean as to the practice of your specialty?"

"Exactly! A loony might prove a difficult subject. His brain cells might not respond to treatment to the same extent."

"I should be sorry to undergo your treatment in any shape," laughed Berthe, and there was a cruel ring in her laughter that clashed with her bizarre prettiness.

"So now you know what to do," she said. "Keep your hands off him, and watch till I give the word. But you have permission, if opportunity arises, to allay, by the best means that may occur to you, any suspicions that he may have formed."

And with the additional instruction on no account to communicate with her personally at Grandison Mansions, but only by telegram or letter, she took leave of the pair and quitted the hotel.

CHAPTER XII.

PUT TO THE TEST.

MARION FERMOR'S lover descended from a cab and entered the reception hall of the Colossal not many minutes after Berthe Roumier had passed out of the great swing doors. Giving his name to the clerk in the office as Leslie Armytage, he at once went up to the room allotted to him, and when his scanty luggage—the portmanteau and Gladstone bag which had accompanied "Arthur Clark" to Doctor Beaman's—had been brought up, he locked himself in and sat down to face the crisis of his life.

Dare he tell her the truth—in the hope that she would marry him, in the knowledge that he was really Leslie Armytage? There had been passages in their intercourse while arranging his personation of Lukyn which had suggested that had she been free she would not have been indifferent to him.

There was the chance that she might turn upon him, all her maiden pride up in arms, and shower scorn upon his fraud. No, he dared not tell her.

"But she shall not marry me unless I can prove to myself that there is no reason for alarm," he said to himself as he rose and paced the narrow limits of his room. "I will run away to the ends of the earth first, or put an end to myself. The means of proof ought not to be difficult to obtain, as Voules and Frayne are staying in this hotel. Happy thought! They shall have their chance to kill me tonight!"

He had no sooner formed the idea than he left his room and went down to the ground floor of the great caravanserai, where a score or so of guests were lounging in that well-advertised feature of the Colossal—the continental courtyard. He was under the disadvantage of not knowing either of the men in whom he was interested by sight, but he trusted to the hawks disclosing themselves by hovering round the prey upon whom they meant to swoop. He sat down on one of the luxurious settees and took up a newspaper in order to give them a chance. It was pretty certain that they would have been apprised of his arrival by the female spy who had listened to his conversation with Marion.

But for a long time nothing occurred to enlighten him as to the identity of the enemies he had inherited along with Lukyn's personality. Leslie had occupied his seat for nearly two hours before a tall gentleman with stooping shoulders and a waving, fair beard came swiftly down the stairs and, walking to the bureau, asked somewhat loudly if there were any letters or telegrams for Mr. Scorrier Voules of Chicago. The words were hardly out of his mouth when he faced about like lightning and looked fixedly at Leslie.

Now the latter had observed Voules over the top of his newspaper, and he was only just in time to drop his gaze on the columns without meeting the expressionless blue eyes so quickly turned upon him.

Leslie sat like a rock, with his eyes glued to the paper, till the scrutiny had passed, and Voules, having received the clerk's answer, had returned upstairs.

The ruse had failed, and Leslie felt that he had won the first trick in the deadly game which he was sitting down to play with the Knights of Industry. It was a distinct point in his favor to have learned that they were interested in him, and that presumably danger was to be apprehended from them, without letting them know that he was forearmed as the result of Quayne's investigations. They would not be likely to take so much care in making their dispositions for his undoing.

He saw no more of Voules till he took his place at one of the circular tables for four in the great pillared banquet hall at dinner time. The other three seats at the table he selected were unoccupied, and the soup had just been served when Voules and a short, dark, heavily mustached man sauntered down the aisle of pillars, appeared to hesitate and, after a whispered colloquy and glances at the vacant places, passed on and chose seats at an adjacent table. Their backs as they sat were toward Leslie, but he could hear their talk, which was almost ostentatiously sustained in a false key on trivial topics of the day.

Dinner over, Leslie, now with a well-defined plan in his head, went into the Moorish smoking-room and, sitting down, lighted a cigar. As he had expected, the two Americans almost immediately followed him and selected seats whence they could watch him unobtrusively. After a while, affecting a careless air, he rose and, after procuring hat and overcoat from his bedroom, left the hotel by the main entrance on Northumberland avenue. A string of cabs was filing past, each vehicle stopping long enough to pick up one or more of the Colossal's guests for theater or music hall. Leslie started to cross the roadway, and took advantage of the crush to steal a glance behind him. Voules [illegible] and his companion were hard on his heels.

Striking down toward the Charing Cross Station of the District Railway, he passed on to the Embankment and turned eastward toward the city. It was the hour when the great riverside thorofare is least frequented by foot passengers. Business folk had all gone home and the homeless waifs who doze on the seats had not yet taken up their quarters for the night.

Walking listlessly, as tho with no graver purpose than an after-dinner stroll, he went on as far as the back of the Temple Gardens, and then, selecting a peculiarly deserted stretch of pavement, he suddenly turned and went back on his tracks. He had known that two pedestrians had been behind him, and now, by the light of the great electric arc beneath which they were passing, he saw that they were the two Americans. They came on. In twenty paces he would meet them.

"If they knife me and chuck me over the parapet into the river, well and good. If they put me to the question and accept my denial, not only well and good but the very gate of Elysium," he told himself.

The two men advanced, nothing menacing in their manner and apparently deep in conversation; but as they seemed about to pass him they both wheeled and halted of one accord. The tall man spoke.

"Mr. Nigel Lukyn, I believe? We thought we recognized you at the Hotel Colossal."

"No, indeed," was the perfectly truthful reply. "I have been taken for a lunatic of that name before, and it is beginning to be a bit of a nuisance. My name is Leslie Armytage—late of the 24th Hussars and very much at your service."

The two edged up close, peered hard into his face and muttered audibly to each other.

"By thunder, Frayne, who could have imagined such a resemblance? Yet it certainly isn't Lukyn," said the tall man. "There is a slight difference in the contour of the jaw."

"I can see it plainly," was the curt response.

Whereupon Mr. Scorrier Voules, the diplomatist of the pair, broke into a flood of apologies, to which the guttural bass of Mr. Fayter Frayne formed a running but unintelligible accompaniment; and then, linking arms together, they continued their progress eastward along the Embankment.

Leslie could hardly restrain himself from shouting for joy. "It has come off all right. There is no danger to myself or impending trouble for Marion," he murmured as he looked after the receding figures. In so doing he caught and responded to the invitation of a prowling hansom driver.

"Grandison Mansions," he said as the cab drew to the curb.

CHAPTER XIII.

AUNT JANE SEES A DIFFERENCE.

MARION FERMOR awaited the advent of her lover in the cozy luxury of the drawing-room at her flat, and at the same time tried to nerve herself to break to Aunt Jane the news that he was no longer an inmate of Grey Gables.

She rather dreaded the ordeal, for the old lady had taken a keen dislike to Nigel Lukyn on the one occasion when she had seen him, and had made no secret of her relief at the untoward termination of the engagement. The young man had been in one of his "moods" on the day when Marion had brought him to tea at the flat, and had treated Aunt Jane with scant courtesy.

Marion could not bring herself to confess to her good-natured relative the steps she had taken to procure Nigel's release, but as he might put in an appearance any minute it was necessary to say something, and that quickly. The moment was to some extent propitious, for Aunt Jane had dined well, and was enjoying the warm comfort of her favorite couch by the fire.

"Aunty," said the girl at length, "I am afraid I'm going to give you a shock, but you are such a dear you'll bear it for my sake, won't you? Nigel has escaped from the asylum. I expect him here directly."

The old lady reared her ample proportions into a sitting posture and stared helplessly at her niece. "That madman—coming to these rooms—tonight?" she ejaculated in little gasps, shaking visibly.

"He is no more mad than I am, darling, and I have always maintained as much," replied Marion. "And if there ever had been a shadow of a pretext for believing to the contrary there is none now. I saw him last night, and a more rational, harmless being does not exist."

"Saw him last night—alone, at Maidenhead?" Aunt Jane almost screamed. As a chaperon she was prepared to allow a wide latitude, but this was appalling.

"Listen, aunty dear!" cried Marion, going over to her and kneeling at her side. "I did not go to Maidenhead at all. That was all a pious fraud [illegible] I need have said nothing about it if it hadn't turned out all right. The telegram was from Nigel, telling me of his escape and asking me to meet him at Broadstairs. I went down and saw him—we stayed at different hotels, of course—and he is perfectly right and sane. I wouldn't even let him come to town by the same train for fear of talk, but he is to call here this evening. And, aunty, we are going to be married in a fortnight—as soon as we can get a license."

"Going to be married in a fortnight!" was all that the poor lady could falter. The imminent catastrophe called up emotions too deep for words.

"Yes, and we have settled that he is to take the name of Armytage—Leslie Armytage—for the present, in case of his being searched for by his mother or that wretched Doctor Beaman. I have begun to call him so already, and you will do so too, dear, won't you—especially before Crispin, who was luckily away on her holiday when he came to tea. The other servants are all new since then."

Marion spoke breathlessly, not only because there was need for haste, but hoping to carry the castle by storm.

Aunt Jane sighed heavily, and let one plump hand fall on her niece's forehead. "You ask a great deal of me, child," she whimpered. "If it was only any other man. But Nigel Lukyn, fresh from a lunatic asylum, and all this subterfuge——"

There came a tap at the door, and the demure Crispin entered with her stealthy, gliding step to announce——

"Mr. Leslie Armytage."

Shooting an anxious glance at Aunt Jane, who had given no pledge as to her behavior, Marion rose to greet the visitor.

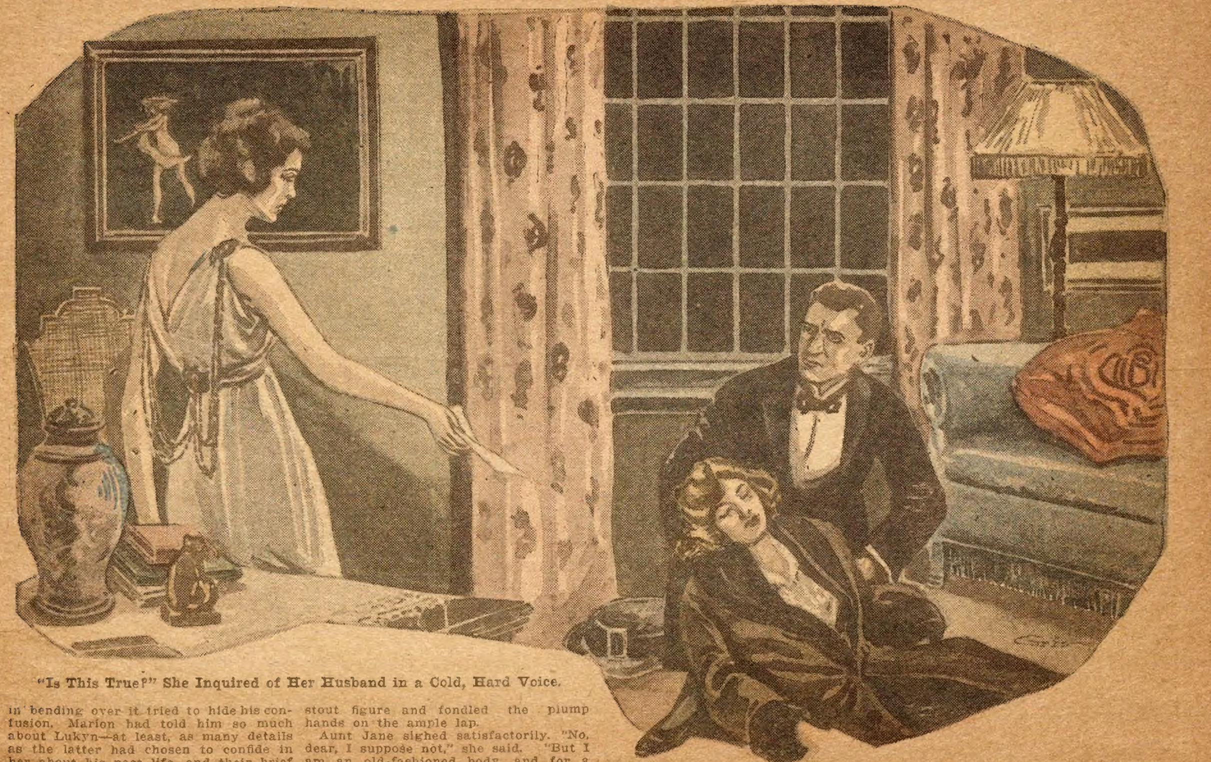
"Here you are at last, Leslie," she said, proffering a nervous cue for the old lady to take up. If there was to be an explosion she did not want it to go off before the maid had left the room. Crispin retired, closing the door, and Marion breathed more freely.

"Yes, I am a little late, I fear," said the new arrival, who had doffed his overcoat in the hall and stood before the two women, a somewhat diffident but handsome figure in his dress clothes. Aunt Jane, who had risen laboriously from the sofa, was gazing at him out of a pair of shrewd eyes from under half-closed lids. Leslie was conscious of the gaze, and returned it—questioningly.

"You remember Aunt Jane?" said Marion.

"Of course he does," snapped the old lady. "How d'ye do, Mr. Armytage?"

"How do you do?" replied Leslie, shaking the hand extended to him, and



"Is This True?" She Inquired of Her Husband in a Cold, Hard Voice.

in bending over it tried to hide his confusion. Marion had told him so much about Lukyn—at least, as many details as the latter had chosen to confide in her about his past life, and their brief courtship—that he felt assured of being able to keep up the deception with her for the short time it would be necessary. But he had overlooked the fact that he [illegible] confronted with friends and relations of hers who had met Lukyn under circumstances of which he was ignorant.

The danger passed, however, in the nervous chatter which Marion at once inaugurated in the hope of drawing her lover out, and of convincing Aunt Jane by the sanity of his replies that he ought never to have been sent to Grey Gables. The innocent ruse, to all appearances, worked well. Aunt Jane had reseated herself on the couch, and Marion, watching her closely, saw with a thrill of triumph the normal kindly expression returning by degrees to the elderly face. The young man's modest demeanor and chivalrous air of deference was evidently making a convert of Aunt Jane.

At least so Marion hoped, for Leslie himself was conscious of being subjected to a profound scrutiny by the old lady on the sofa. At present there was nothing aggressive or hostile about it; indeed, it seemed to be altogether benevolent and approving. But there was a persistence in Aunt Jane's unwavering attention, not only to his face, but to his slightest movement, that made Leslie dread discovery.

Presently Aunt Jane addressed him directly, and to his guilty conscience it seemed that there was a set purpose in her question——

"You feel that you are justified in marrying my niece under the existing extraordinary circumstances, Mr.—ahem—Armytage?"

"You allude to my recent detention in a lunatic asylum?" hazarded Leslie.

"Are you aware of anything else to which I could allude?" returned Aunt Jane, with a severity that sent Leslie's heart to his boots. But the next moment she relieved him with the muttered addition: "As if that wasn't enough."

Leslie seized the opening and used it judiciously. "Marion doesn't mind, and perhaps I ought to be content with that. At the same time it would be a great grief to me to do anything that would be a source of anxiety to one who has such claims on my future wife's affection and regard as yourself," he made answer.

Marion was delighted with her lover's politeness—all the more so as it was so unlike the impetuous Nigel of her hasty betrothal. Aunt Jane's beautiful lace cap had fallen awry in the energy of her questioning, and the girl went over to her and adjusted it lovingly.

"There, you old darling, he couldn't put it any nicer than that, could he?" she cooed, as, having straightened the erratic headgear, she nestled up to the stout figure and fondled the plump hands on the ample lap.

Aunt Jane sighed satisfactorily. "No, dear, I suppose not," she said. "But I am an old-fashioned body, and for a young lady to marry an escaped—I mean a gentleman with Mr.—ahem—Armytage's recent experience, is a little startling to me. But tho I never have been married myself, and know but little about men, I can see nothing wrong about this one. You can count upon me as an ally against all opposing forces, young people."

After this Leslie felt more secure, and exerted himself to make good the footing he had obtained in the estimation of one who might have proved a formidable antagonist—might even have communicated with Doctor Beaman, when chaos would have supervened. And he exerted himself so successfully that he was presently in danger again; for Aunt Jane, in her new enthusiasm for his cause, suddenly launched the question:

"What did you do to make Lady Lukyn treat you so badly—you her only son, as I have been given to understand?"

"I cannot imagine. I am not conscious of ever having so misdemeaned myself as to merit any ill-treatment whatever at Lady Lukyn's hands," Leslie replied, priding himself inwardly on the truth of his answer. As a naturally truthful man it was one of the penalties of his imposture that he had at every turn to wrack his brain for subterfuges which should not be absolute lies. He would have broken down and thrown the whole thing away if Marion's eyes, glistening on him in the dancing firelight, had not given him courage to push on to his goal. For those dear eyes told him that she loved him—him, Leslie Armytage, the man before her, not Nigel Lukyn, babbling and fighting in the refractory ward at Grey Gables.

"Her ladyship must be a strange person," was Aunt Jane's comment. "But she will be stranger still if she doesn't move heaven and earth to find you. She must know by this time that you have got away from the asylum."

Leslie was spared further prevarication by Marion, who said hurriedly: "That is why we are to be married in the name of Armytage to prevent any search she may institute from succeeding. You may rest assured, aunty dear, that Lady Lukyn won't connect the gentleman who is marrying me with her son. She will think that I have jilted him, and that I am just consoling myself. Besides, not a soul but us is to know that I am to be married till after the event—not even Crispin."

"And where is this wonderful ceremony to be performed?"

"At St. James', Piccadilly, at noon on the 5th of December," was the reply. "I propose that we should afterwards go to Eyot Cottage at Maidenhead for a couple of days, and then join the yacht for a cruise down south. What is the matter, aunty?"

"A draught," replied Aunt Jane, who had risen from the sofa and was holding up her palms in a quaint gesture intended to discover the direction of the disturbing influence. "Ah, it must be the door come open. Would you mind looking, Mr. Armytage, and shutting it if I am right. I am so very susceptible to draught."

Leslie sprang to obey the request. The door was covered by a heavy portiere curtain, hung on a rod and opening and closing with the door. As he approached it he fancied, tho he was not sure, that it moved slightly away from him, but, drawing the curtain, he found that the door was shut. His announcement of the fact made Aunt Jane quite angry.

"It must have been open," she insisted. "You must have closed it, sir, in disarranging the curtain, for the draught has ceased now."

Marion, who was used to her relative's whims and fancies, laughed at her lover, who soon afterward took leave of the two ladies. Marion accompanied him into the little reception hall of the flat, where Crispin, summoned by the drawing-room bell, was in attendance to give him his hat and overcoat. The natty maid with the downcast eyes had a higher color than when she had admitted him, and Leslie wondered whether she had had anything to do with the mysterious draught.

Marion returned to the drawing-room and found Aunt Jane beaming at her.

"Never saw such a change, my dear!" exclaimed the estimable spinster. "I don't believe now that he ever was insane. But for all that he had some bad habits, and Dr. Beaman has cured them. His manners are quite pretty now, and did you notice his fingernails?"

"What on earth do you mean, aunty?"

"I said his fingernails, child. He used to bite 'em down to the quick—sure sign of a demon's temper. He was at it all the while he was here before, but tonight there wasn't a trace of the habit, and, what's more, he can't have been at it for a considerable time. His nails were as nice and well tended as any gentleman's should be. I gladly concede you the change of name, as it carries with it a change from so much nastiness. In fact, I concede you the man himself. I like him."

"Dear Aunt Jane," Marion murmured, kissing her.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PERIL BEGINS.

THE period that intervened to the date fixed for the wedding passed without any untoward incident to alarm Leslie into a change of plans. He saw Scorrier Voules and Fayter Frayne almost daily in and about the Colossal, but with the exception of a stiffly apologetic bow, intended to convey regret for their mistake on the occasion of their first meeting, they appeared to take no further interest in him. He had no reason to doubt the complete acceptance by them of his denial that he was Nigel Lukyn, and he was therefore satisfied that his marriage to Marion would involve her in no grave consequences from his assumed personality.

The wedding morning broke clear and frosty. At the hour of noon the limited party, consisting only of the bride and bridegroom, Aunt Jane and a couple of vergers, had the church all to themselves. Crispin, decorously undemonstrative on being informed at breakfast time of the impending ceremony, had been dispatched straight to Paddington with her mistress' boxes. Leslie had his belongings on the waiting hansom, which had brought him from the hotel and which was to take the wedded pair to the station.

In the vestry Aunt Jane and one of the vergers signed the register as witnesses, and then, without any warning, Leslie fell into one of the ambushes which were to dog his path for days to come. The elderly senior curate who had tied the knot, a man of the world, like most West End clergymen, was well aware that something uncommon was happening in this quiet, almost clandestine wedding of the famous heiress. He uttered a dry little cough and addressed Leslie with an air of ponderous playfulness.

"I never thought that I should have the pleasure of doing this service for the son of my old friend General Armytage," he said. "At least, I presume that you are his son, as you bear the same Christian name. I mean Gen. Leslie Armytage, late of the Royal Horse Guards, who afterwards lived at Cloudesly, in Oxforshire. I trust that he is well?"

Leslie, feeling Marion's eyes on him and with the reminiscence of an episode in the South African war, when he had been suddenly bidden "Hands up" by an overwhelming party of Boers, buzzing in his brain as a parallel to his present dilemma, sought deliverance in brevity.

"General Armytage died some years ago," he made noncommittal answer.

"Sorry," murmured the curate, and in the congenial task of pocketing his fee forebore to press an obviously uncommunicative man.

At the church door, amid smiles and tears, Aunt Jane took leave of the newly married couple, but without undue emotion, as she was to join them again two days later on board the yacht at Southampton. As soon as they were in the cab, bowling away to Paddington, Marion thrust her hand under her husband's coat sleeve and said:

"How awfully clever of you to know that General Armytage was dead, and so stop that silly old parson's questions. I suppose that the real Leslie Armytage posted you up about it at that horrid place?"

Thus it was that Leslie suffered agonies in the first five minutes of his married life. He had to search for words which, without being an absolute lie, should deceive the fond girl gazing up at him and who believed that he was Nigel Lukyn.

"No, darling," he said. "Armytage did not speak of his father at all while at Grey Gables. It is matter of common knowledge that General Armytage is dead. He was an officer of considerable distinction, and I remember hearing of it at the time."

"Poor Mr. Armytage, to have met with such misfortunes," said Marion thoughtfully. "I liked him so much, too. He was more like a courteous friend to me than some one fetched in, literally out of the streets, to help me for hire."

Dare he reveal himself while she was in this mood, Leslie asked himself. There was a gentle strain of melancholy in her voice as she spoke of him that thrilled him with hope that she might forgive the deception for the sake of the man. But before he could nerve himself to the ordeal of confession she spoke again—fateful words that tied his tongue not only then but thru the time to come till secrecy mattered no longer.

"And yet," Marion went on musingly, "in a minor degree the real Mr. Armytage must have deceived me. Those Americans must be after him, in spite of his declaration that he had no enemies. I wish he had told me the truth, for I can never give my confidence to any one who has tried to mislead me with a falsehood."

So Leslie's half-formed resolution to throw himself on her mercy was annihilated, and the prospect of the future kept him silent and preoccupied during the rest of the drive. If that was her attitude toward deceivers, how could he ever make confession—how could he ever break down the unseen barrier which his action had raised between them? Would wedded love be strong enough to shatter it, or would love itself go down before the shock?

His gloomy reflections were cut short by arrival at the terminus, where they found Crispin on the departure platform standing guard over a pile of luggage The maid's demeanor was absolutely correct and suited to the circumstances. The ghost of a smile on her pale face and a tinge of additional alacrity in attending to her mistress' comfort was all the tribute she paid to the occasion. It was as tho she had openly said: "You wish for a quiet wedding, and it is my duty to see that you have it."

While Marion was conferring with her [illegible] to the bestowal of th[illegible] Leslie, standing a little aside, felt himself violently smacked on the shoulder. Turning on his heel, he was confronted by a bronzed gentleman, heavily swathed in traveling garments. It was Major Desmond Charteris, the second in command of his old regiment, one of his messroom cronies in the palmy days that were gone.

"What, Armytage, old chap!" cried the genial Major. "This is a piece of luck. Haven't seen you since you left us, by Jove! Going down the line? If so, we'll chum in together."

Leslie was conscious that Marion and Crispin had ceased their conference to watch this untimely meeting. Again he felt as if he was being "held up" by his old foes of the veldt and again he summoned all his resourcefulness to his aid. This blustering soldier required different treatment from the fee-hunting curate, for he knew him personally—more or less intimately. Blank denial of his identity and his name would not serve him, because it would set that keen-faced maid all agog: yet to own to it, and to previous acquaintance with Charteris, would arouse Marion's suspicions. He took the middle course—a course which set Crispin's dark eyes sparkling.

"You have made a very natural mistake, sir," he said. "You are probably confusing me with a twin brother. We are very much alike."

"Alike, by Gad! You're the spit of each other," exclaimed the worthy Major, and catching sight of Marion's concentration on the meeting and the maid's raised eyebrows, he realized that somehow he was in the way. He raised his deer-stalker cap and retired with all the honors of war and with a firm belief in his own diagnosis of Armytage's identity.

But Leslie was once more respited, and cared little what his old brother officer might think so long as he retained Marion's love. To that he clung with the tenacity of despair, knowing how soon he might lose it, and when they were seated in the reserved compartment which Crispin had secured for them he tried to forget that he had won his sweet companion by false pretense. In the elation of the moment he even jokingly accepted her renewed congratulations on his smartness in repulsing the obtrusive Major without denying in Crispin's presence that his name was Armytage.

"And you might very well have been a twin brother with that poor fellow," she purred complacently. "You were always exactly like him in form and face and voice, but now that I know you better I find that you are like him in disposition too."

The journey to the riverside resort was all too brief, for, once out of the train on the crowded platform at Maidenhead, Leslie feared that his troubles might recommence at any moment. Some one who had known him in the past might crop up and claim acquaintance so insistently as to break down his guard; or, worse still, some old friend of Nigel Lukyn's might appear, with awkward results. In the latter case he would have, in Marion's presence, to deny that he was Lukyn, while all the time she believed that he was, and he shrank from having to perpetrate what she would regard as a flat lie before her. It would be a grosser and more clumsy device than the mild prevarications with which he had got rid of previous questioners, and tho she would recognize the necessity for it, it would lower her respect for him.

That fall would have to come some day, but not yet, he prayed—not yet, till many happy hours together should have merged respect in all-conquering love.

But there were no pitfalls in store for him at Maidenhead Station, and Marion's brougham quickly whirled them to the seclusion of her pretty riparian residence. Eyot Cottage was a cottage only in name. It was really a miniature mansion, approached thru lodge gates at the entrance of a drive, at the end of which the long, low house, of modern construction, was nearly hidden among a grove of beeches a hundred yards away. The grounds showed everywhere the traces of lavish wealth tastefully spent. Behind the house a velvet-turfed, shrub-girt lawn sloped down to the river and the private landing stage, where quite a fleet of miniature craft, with a motor launch as flagship, was moored.

BEYOND WORDS

My Uncle Jim, he used to tell
What people ought to do.
He studied human nature well,
And knows it thru and thru.
We stand around to hear his views,
We're sure his heart is stirred.
He simply sits and reads the news
And never says a word.

My Uncle Jim he used to drive
The mules that pull a boat.
There's not another man alive
With stronger words to quote.
And when we mention Kaiser Bill,
His silence seems absurd.
He sort o' chokes and just sits still
And never says a word.

No need to follow the lovers thru the flying hours of the short winter day, spent for the most part in a joint exploration of the cottage and its grounds. Leslie's lucky star was in the ascendant, inasmuch as he was not only nominally but actually a stranger to the premises, and he was not called on to simulate a familiarity with the place. For he knew that Nigel Lukyn had never been a visitor at Eyot Cottage during his brief engagement.

Marion and Leslie dined tete-a-tete in a room with French windows giving on to the lawn at the back of the house, and afterward they elected to remain there in preference to seeking the less cozy expanse of the great drawing-room across the hall. Here at Eyot Cottage, in contrast to the homely flat which had formed Marion's "diggings" in her girl-bachelor days, a full staff of servants was kept, most of them old retainers dating back to her father's lifetime and imbued with a loyalty to their mistress which insisted that she could do no wrong. The silver-haired butler who waited on the bride and bridegroom betrayed no emotion at the advent of a master beyond performing his functions with the solemnity of a high priest officiating at some important ritual.

This ancient servitor, with his attendant satellite, had not long departed from the room when there came a tap at the door and Crispin entered. Her errand, it seemed, was to request her mistress to come upstairs and inspect a priceless tiara of diamonds which, tho carefully stowed in the jewel case, had been unaccountably broken on the journey down.

"Oh, bother you, Crispin. So long as the thing isn't missing you surely needn't worry about it tonight," said Marion, laughing.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but in fairness to myself," the maid insisted respectfully. "I could not sleep unless you had checked the loose stones that have been shaken from their settings. There are quite a number of them, and they can't be left as they are."

"Oh, if you put it like that," said Marion, rising good-naturedly. And, assuring her husband that she should not be long, she went away to satisfy Crispin's conscientious scruples.

Leslie sat for a few moments smoking his cigarette and then walked over to one of the French windows, both of which were draped with heavy curtains. Drawing the curtain aside, he stood gazing across the moonlit lawn toward the river. The peaceful scene tempted him and, unfastening the catch, he stepped out for a breath of fresh air, for the atmosphere of the room was heavy with the scent of hothouse flowers. In his thin shoes he avoided the open stretch of lawn and struck into a gravel path that skirted it, running thru an avenue of evergreen shrubs to the river bank. Down this he sauntered, and after a glance at the swiftly flowing stream returned toward the house by the way he had come. But at the point where the shrubs ended he came to a sudden halt, drawing back a little into the leafy screen.

On leaving the dining-room he had closed the French window behind him, and thru the uncurtained plate glass panels part of the brilliantly lit interior was plainly visible—the richly furnished dessert table and the two chairs, drawn to the fire, so recently vacated by Marion and himself. But what held him spellbound was the figure of a man silhoueted against the light—the figure of a tall man with stooping, studious shoulders and a wavy beard, who was peering into the room thru the window.

Leslie had no difficulty in recognizing the marked characteristics of the inquisitive stranger. He was one of the two men who had waylaid him on the Embankment a fortnight before and whom he had fondly imagined that he had disarmed with his disavowal of being Nigel Lukyn.

And now, on his wedding night, this lazily plausible gentleman from overseas was lurking outside the house—with what motive he could all too surely guess. But the means he would employ? What murderous deviltry had he plotted for slaying the man whose pains and penalties Leslie Armytage had taken over with the identity of Nigel Lukyn?

CHAPTER XV.

THE SECOND INTRUDER.

THE tall man did not remain long at the French window. Contrary to Leslie's expectations, he made no attempt to open the window and enter the room—perhaps to conceal himself with murderous intent—but flitted round the corner of the house toward the gardens in front, by which route alone could he leave the premises. The presumption was that his present visit was only one of espionage, and Leslie breathed a sigh of relief that the crisis was deferred.

As Marion was evidently not in the room, he decided to wait a few minutes in case the uncanny visitant should return to the window, in which event Leslie began to form a wild plan of attacking him in the rear and of forcing from him a confession of his intentions. Threatened with capture and imprisonment, the fellow might be induced to abandon his designs without compelling him to again deny that he was Lukyn—a risky proceeding with Marion expected back in the room at any moment.

But there was no time accorded him for the shaping of his plan, nor yet any opportunity of bringing the bearded prowler to book, for tho once again a figure glided into view it was not that of Scorrier Voules. From the opposite angle of the house to that round which the latter had disappeared came a female form, stealing noiselessly in the shadow of the building to the uncurtained French window, where it stopped, appeared to hesitate for a moment, and then, to Leslie's amazement, unhasped the catch and crossed the threshold into the room, leaving the window open.

Full of wonder as to what this strange intrusion might forbode, Leslie strode rapidly forward, in the meanwhile keeping his eyes on the woman, who was plainly visible in the brilliantly lighted interior. She advanced quickly towards the table, and then, just as she reached it, reeled and fell heavily to the floor.

Now thoroly alarmed and perplexed, Leslie ran across the intervening space, and, passing thru the open window, was immediately conscious of a feeling of suffocation. He could detect no odor but that of the lily and tuberoses on the table, but some impalpable influence clawed at his lungs and his throat, stifling him and causing him to stagger as he rushed to the unknown woman's assistance.

Just as he was wondering whether he was going to faint before he could be of any use to her, the oppression cleared off and in doing so furnished him with a clew to its cause. The first mysterious visitant had introduced into the room some kind of poisonous gas, which was being quickly dispersed and neutralized now that the window was open, but not before the equally mysterious person prone at his feet had been overcome by it.

Stooping over her, he saw that she was quite a young girl, plainly and rather shabbily dressed, and utterly unknown to him. He was in two minds whether to ring for assistance in restoring her, or to search first for the cause of her sudden collapse, when signs of returning consciousness decided him in favor of the latter course. A hasty glance round the room revealed nothing wrong, and then, moved by a swift instinct, he looked behind the curtains veiling the other window. Sure enough he had solved the enigma. Between the heavy plush drapery and the window stood a curiously shaped flask with a metal top, somewhat resembling that of a soda water syphon.

His hand flew promptly to the [illegible] of the window, which ought [illegible] have been shot home, as that of the other window had been before he sought egress by it. This window, however, was unbolted, and the horrible suspicion seized him that it had been deliberately left so by some one in the house. A subtle odor, faint and indistinguishable, still lingered round the metal escape-cock of the death-dealing phial, but it had no visible contents.

He was carrying the contrivance to the light, the better to examine it, when an inarticulate cry from the girl on the floor caused him to set the vessel down on the table and hurry to the unknown's side. Raising her head on his shoulder, he was bending to catch her utterance, when the door opened and Marion swept into the room. The playful apology for her long absence died on her lips as she took in the unexpected scene—her husband supporting a strange woman in his arms, one window open, and the curtains of the other disarranged.

"What is this?" she demanded, with a catch of her breath.

"I wish I could tell you," Leslie replied. "I went for a stroll down to the river, and on my return saw a man looking into the room. He went away, and then this girl came round the house and entered the room—only to fall down in a faint."

"What made her faint? Have you no suspicion?"

"More than suspicion—certainty," said Leslie, pointing to the phial. "I have no doubt that the man placed that in the room, charged with poisonous gas." And he hurriedly told her how and where he had found the thing.

Marion gazed at him with frightened eyes. "The Americans?" she faltered. "Then, after all, there is danger from them. But what of the girl? What can she have wanted here, for she must have been ignorant of the danger of entering the room? Ah, perhaps this explains it."

A folded paper, overlooked by Leslie in his agitation, lay on the edge of the table close to where the girl lay, suggesting that she had just placed it there when she fell. Taking it up, Marion began to read, but started as if stung by a snake.

"Is this true?" she inquired of her husband in a cold, hard voice—a tone he had never heard her use before.

"I have not seen it," said Leslie. "As I have my hands full, perhaps you will be so good as to read it to me."

Marion glanced at him, a world of questioning doubt fighting with the ten-

(Continued on Page 25.)

Read "The Branded Man's Christmas" in Next Week's Issue of the Ledger.

Are You Reading This Thrilling Adventure Story?

Demons of the Sea

By H. M. Egbert

What Has Happened Before.

LIEUTENANT PAGET, of the U. S. Navy, meets Captain Masterman, an old friend, when on leave in Washington. Masterman tells him about his latest discovery in submarine life, which threatens to destroy the world. Masterman, exciting himself over his rival, MacBeard, dies suddenly before he finishes his story. Paget finds a letter addressed to him in Masterman's pocket, and immediately hurries to the old man's house in Baltimore. There he sees a form of undersea life which terrorizes him. While he is looking at it, MacBeard, who has followed him, sandbags him, and takes away the letter which contains valuable information about the discovery. Paget takes his submarine to sea, watches a German cruiser fire upon the Boetia, and torpedoes it. He rescues Ida Kennedy. In the lifeboat, he finds himself attacked by the monsters, but manages to win the battle and get back on the submarine. He tells his weird story, and Davies, his underling, has him confined, thinking he is mad. During the night the monsters get on board and kill all except Ida, Paget, Davies and Sam Clouts. They find temporary shelter in the steel conning tower of the submarine. In the morning the sea monsters are gone, and Paget tries to start the submarine. However, it sinks to the bottom of the sea. Then he, Ida, Clouts and Davies don divers' suits and try to find the slope which leads upward to the land. Ida and Paget find themselves alone. They are choking for want of air. Donald removes the headpiece of his suit, preferring to die by drowning; to his surprise he discovers that there is air at the bottom of the ocean. After reviving, they find Davies and Clouts, and come upon MacBeard, who controls the sea monsters. They come very close to death, but Clouts' mouth organ prevents the monsters from killing them, and helps them get back to the submarine in safety. Clouts leads the queen monster out of the boat, and the submarine rises. Ida disappears; Clouts does not return and Donald Paget takes an airplane to England, leaving Davies alone.

This story began in No. 46, the Ledger, dated Nov. 16. Back copies may be obtained either thru this office or from our newsdealers or agents.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE SWARMING OF THE HERD.

DAVIES had correctly divined the secret of the air under the sea. Nature, who does nothing in haste, has prepared the sea monsters for their change of environment by bestowing upon them the property of condensing the hydrogen in the water in such a manner as to separate it from the other constituent of water—oxygen.

But, being too unstable to exist as a separate gas, except under high pressure, the oxygen combined with the nitrogen that sustained the crinoids and other plant life at the bottom of the sea. The resulting combination was oxygen and nitrogen in place of oxygen and hydrogen, or air in lieu of water.

It was a strange illustration of the purposeful workings of Nature. The sea beasts, the plant life, the ocean and the air were as independent as the bee, which fertilizes the clover, the clover itself, and the sheep which feed on it.

Needless to say, the monsters were not themselves aware of this faculty which they possessed. Chemistry, even in its most rudimentary form, does not exist on the ocean bed, so far as human cognizance of it is concerned. The mind of the swarm was like the mind of the bees—collective. The spirit of the herd infused all equally.

The dawning instinct of individuality had, indeed, begun to manifest itself. It had created a god. That is the first of all instincts. But even this mental process was, in the main, intuitional.

Masterman, who overlooked nothing, had explained all this in his letter to Donald. He had also told him of the means of controlling the sea monsters. Their auditory apparatus being still in its most rudimentary stage, they heard sounds only as vibrations.

Masterman had discovered, during those weeks of exploration and imminent danger, that G was the signal for dispersal. A, on the contrary, was the assembly call. The sacrificial bone knife vibrated to the sound of A, and it was this which had given the herd the keytone of their language.

Unfortunately for MacBeard, he had been unable to learn much more than this. The last page of the manuscript, as well as the first, was missing. MacBeard was sure that Donald had kept possession of them.

Had he possessed them, he would have learned that the power of uttering these calls rested with the queen of the swarm alone, a human organism, the type of the race toward which the monsters tended, differentiating from them as the queen bee differs from the worker or the drone.

MacBeard studied the tones diligently. He had a number of tuning forks, vibrating in different wave-lengths, and with the aid of these he managed to control the herd. But the process of discovery was a slow one; and then he was afraid of the creatures. He recognized that they obeyed his tuning forks but not himself.

Twice they had been within an ace of tearing him to pieces when he struck the wrong note. And at any moment, while he slept, they might assemble for the swarming; then the cloudy curtain would dissolve, and he would be drowned in the crater, if his oxygen mask gave out. And he had not yet discovered the way thru the crinoids. He only knew a winding entrance thru the bottle neck of the cave.

He had discovered that the search for food was the one purpose of the creatures' existence. It had assumed a religious aspect. Their god, their altar stone, the sacrificial rite were all the soul's instinctive groping upward, based upon the predominating animal impulse.

The tune that Clouts had played, with its discords, had been the deep sea equivalent of an artillery salvo. The terrified monsters had dispersed in all directions, letting down the curtain of condensed hydrogen. Fortunately for the professor, the main portion of the herd had kept together, and this afforded him a medium in which he could, with difficulty, breathe. But their rapid movement kept the hydrogen stirred up, and he was nearly asphyxiated before he reached his refuge within the cave. He did not like inhaling carbonated jelly.

That gave him such a scare that he was half inclined to make terms with Donald, planning treachery afterward. He saw his scheme going to pieces without the missing pages. When the monsters, under the leadership of their queen, attempted to enter the F55, the pressure against the convex sides of the submarine lifted her. That terrified MacBeard. He thought Donald had contrived to make use of them.

He had never noticed the queen, who, still less visible than the shadowy creatures themselves, glided unnoticed in and out among the herds.

Seeing Donald and Davies upon the island, he had attempted to open negotiations with them. Repulsed, he fled in terror, and on rounding the point saw Ida alone at the cave's mouth. At once his scheme was born in his mind.

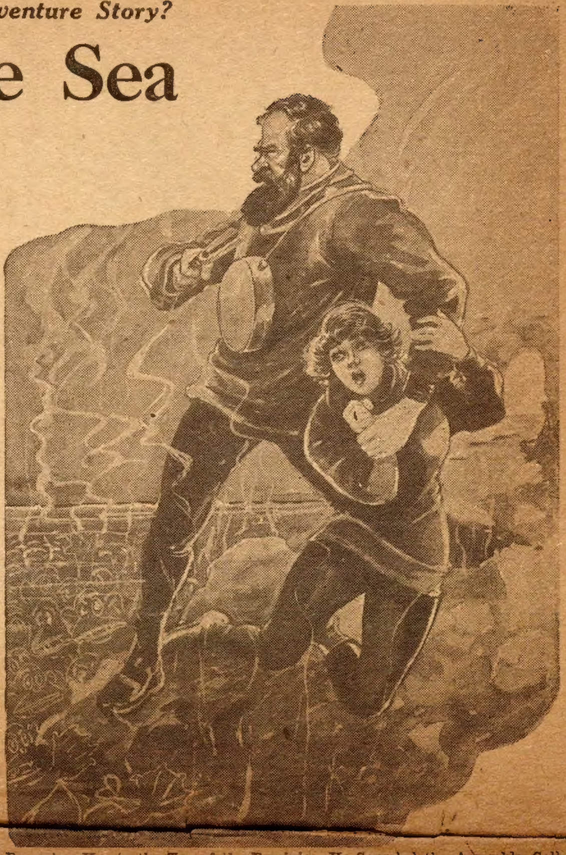
Pushing ashore, he entered the cave by the narrow way toward the rear. He came upon Ida suddenly, and grasping her in his arms, he placed one hand over her mouth, preventing her from crying for aid. Then, dragging her to the top of the precipice, he sounded the assembly call.

Instantly the water beneath began to dissolve. Thick clouds of steaming hydrogen rolled up to the cave's roof. Soon there was a natural passage, three hundred feet deep, from the interior of the cave to the crater below.

He carried Ida down the descent. The girl, who had contrived to drop her handkerchief, was no match for the professor. She screamed once or twice, but the echoes of the cavern absorbed the sound of her voice. And so she found herself again within the submarine temple.

MacBeard released her and stood in front of her, devouring her with his gaze. He could not understand whence this novel emotion in his heart derived its power; and, now that she was his captive, he did not know what to do. Geometry, physics, mathematics and calculus all failed to help solve his problem.

Overcome by the presence of the woman he loved, the professor stammered like a youth with his first sweetheart.



Dragging Her to the Top of the Precipice, He Sounded the Assembly Call.

"Why have you brought me here?" asked Ida.

"Because—because I—er—I love you," answered MacBeard.

Ida burst into ironical laughter. The situation was so impossible that there was room for no emotion but amusement. And in that laugh the professor felt a thousand arrows of jealousy rend him.

"Listen to me!" he exclaimed passionately. "You don't know who I am or what I am trying to do. I am going to obliterate the earth, as it is known to you. I command the Man of the Future. The Man who is to come. The new race of the sea, which is to sweep away the puny monkey-man. And I want you to share my power with me."

Ida laughed hysterically. She could not help herself. MacBeard glared at her. He did not know what to do.

"You shall see!" he cried, beside himself with anger. "You don't believe what I tell you? I'll prove it."

"It doesn't make any difference, professor. I am not a blackboard," answered Ida. "Will you kindly take me back to the place you brought me from?"

"No!" shouted MacBeard. "You'll stay here until you learn to love me. Why can't you love me?"

Ida's look was touched with pity. She did not answer him.

MacBeard sounded his tuning fork, and immediately the monsters gathered about them. The hydrogen haze rolled higher, disclosing the entire interior of the cave, and the idol. MacBeard sounded another fork, and the creatures began edging Ida toward the recesses of the cave.

"If I sound the sacrificial note you die," snorted MacBeard.

Ida, perfectly passive, waited. The monsters guarded the entrance. She was alone. Outside MacBeard paced up and down beneath the sea in fury. He had encountered a problem which seemed insoluble.

He did not know how to win a woman's love. He thought he had to tell her that he loved her, and that she would love him in return. Instead of which, she had laughed!

As Ida waited, all at once a most remarkable object broke upon her gaze. Advancing thru the midst of the luminous, vague monsters outside the entrance there came a perfectly human figure, a man with a square beard.

He passed thru the monsters without the slightest difficulty and entered the cave. He was walking exactly as a boy walks when he drives a flock of geese or a herd of pigs; that is to say, there was a straddle in his step quite different from the rolling gait of a sailor, and he had his arms extended. With his lips he made a hissing sound which resembled "Shoo!"

And in front of him, retiring backward, Ida thought she saw a phantom woman's form. But it must have been a delusion, because it was only by straining her eyes that she could discern anything at all; and now and again the figure seemed to vanish into the air.

The man was Clouts. As he passed her, Ida called to him. Clouts jumped. He looked at her with a comical expression of fear on his face.

"It's all right, marm," he said. I was just taking a bit of a walk before breakfast."

"Clouts! Where is Donald? Can you get me out of here? Take me to him at once!"

Clouts looked terrified.

"Certainly, marm," he said. "But that isn't nobody. There's all sorts of shapes and things here, but it isn't a real person, marm. I'm telling you this so you'll understand, marm."

He hastened past her, and, far ahead of him, Ida discerned the shadowy shape of the queen.

"Clouts! Help me! You aren't going to leave me?" cried Ida pitifully.

She heard Clouts' muttering tones come back to her, and he was lost in the hydrogen haze. She was astounded at his abandonment. Hadn't he understood?

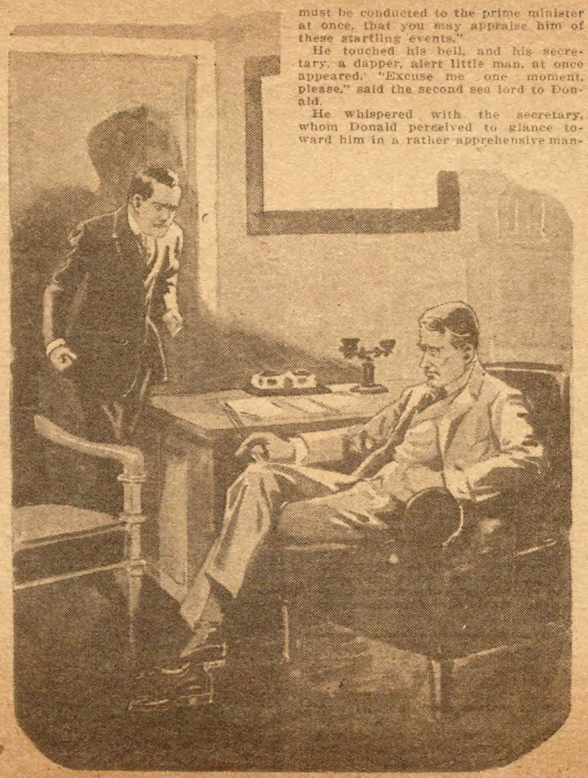
To do the sailor justice, Clouts had one of those minds which are open to only a single impression at a time. Just then his mind was open to the necessity of keeping Donald's elusive sweetheart from Ida's knowledge.

He did not know why Ida was in the cave, and, accustomed to obey, he had not the initiative to inquire. All he had in his mind was to drive the phantom woman to a place where she could not get to Donald. Loyalty to his chief, and a lively memory of Mrs. Clout's jealous nature were his impelling motives.

Unknown to himself, Clouts had found the winding ascent to the bottle neck down which Ida had been taken by MacBeard. He ascended the precipitous incline, coughing as the absence of the herd relaxed the condensation of the hydrogen. They were near enough to make the atmosphere breathable, but little more.

Suddenly he perceived, far above him, the bottle neck of the cave. If he could drive the woman into that, and imprison her there until the F55 started, Donald would be saved from Ida's jealousy.

And he toiled upward, the phantom-like wraith retreating step by step be-



"On You Will Rest the Responsibility, and You Will Repent This Bitterly Within a Day or Two."

fore him, until at last he had her penned within the cave.

Whether she knew him from Donald he could not determine, but she made no effort to escape. She fixed her mournful eyes on his and looked into his face.

"Phew!" said Clouts, wiping his forehead. "You'll excuse me, marm, but it's orders, you know."

He could see only the faintest luminosity now, and he stood with his arms stretched out to prevent her slipping past him. Suddenly he heard a singularly melodious sound proceeding from her throat.

It was a note unknown even to MacBeard. It was, in fact, the demi-semitone between G sharp and A, which is unknown to the Bach scale, tho the bagpipes and Oriental music in general are acquainted with these subdivisions.

It was the swarming note. The queen was ready to lead the brood forth upon its adventures. The spirit, emanating from her, made itself felt simultaneously thruout the herd.

Instantly, from all quarters of the crater, the monsters rushed together. The hydrogen haze rolled far away. The ocean opened to its summit. Ida could see the sky above her, and the daylight. The air became surcharged with oxygen.

MacBeard, amazed by this development, rushed in. He sounded the dispersal. But the swarming note took precedence of the dispersal, and the monsters, gathering into a gigantic circle, ignoring the professor's call, began to scurry wildly about the crater, seeking their leader.

MacBeard saw that the creatures were beyond his control. For the first time his tuning forks had failed him. He was afraid of being torn to pieces.

He saw the ocean standing back on either hand, a mighty wall of water. Before him, beyond the crinoids, was a way up the mountain side. Blindly, in panic and forgetting Ida, he turned and ran for the safety of his motorboat.

At the same time Ida perceived the alternative path to the precipice which led into the bottle neck, that Clouts had taken. The monsters no longer seemed to take notice of her. The swarming impulse dominated them, to the exclusion of all else.

And up in the cave Sam Clouts found himself engaged in the most furious tussle he had ever known.

For, like a fury, the queen rushed at him, and Clouts, at first solicitous about striking a woman, soon found himself hard put to it to maintain the upper hand, with all his strength and with the use of all the wrestling tricks he knew. He panted as he grappled with her.

"It's all right, marm!" he pleaded. "I'll ask him if he'll see you, if you'll only not lose your head. I didn't mean to put you outside, but orders was orders. I'm only obeying orders, marm. There ain't no need for them hysterics. Now—now, marm!"

He was still fighting madly when suddenly her strength seemed to leave her. Clouts became aware of a spectator of the combat. He glanced sidewise hastily, to see Ida standing beside him.

The queen remained motionless, and thus, for the first and only time, the woman of the earth, with all her inheritance of innumerable generations, the product of all that had gone to the making of mankind, looked into the face of the woman who was to be.

A thousand thousand years divided them. Fifty thousand generations had come to birth, and lived, and died, since they had been one.

Perhaps the queen of the swarm knew this instinctively, for she fixed her mournful eyes longingly upon Ida's out of the shadowy substance that seemed to envelop her. Perhaps she felt in her the stirrings of humanity, the dumb appeal of the myriad women who were to live after the human race of today had passed away. A sobbing sound escaped her, and she crouched down.

"What is she, Clouts?" whispered Ida.

Clouts scratched his thick head. "I don't rightly know," he answered. "But it's all right, marm. I was just strolling along, casual-like, when I met her. She ain't no friend of mine, marm. Nor of the captain's," he added, with sly emphasis.

He turned to the queen.

"If you'll take my arm, marm, I'll take you a ways and ask the captain if he'll see you. I can't do no more," he muttered in an audible aside. "I've done the best I know how for the captain, and now he'll have to make his own excuses. And I can't leave a lady in this here place alone, with all them goings on and jugglings with the water like—like Pharaoh."

Five minutes later the little middy, seated on the deck, saw Clouts and Ida, apparently rearisen from the dead, approach the F55. Between them he fancied he saw a gossamer form that scintillated in the sunlight.

There was a space of only a hundred paces between them and the boat when suddenly the ocean appeared convulsed. A wall of water bore down upon the flanks of Fair Island. It rolled toward the submarine, fifty feet high, its mighty crest upreared.

"Run!" shouted Davies.

It was a frantic race between the oncomers and the sea. They gained the [illegible] with hardly ten seconds to spare. Davies drew them aboard and clasped the hatches down. Next instant the boat was lifted bodily from the beach and spun round like a top.

And thru the port Davies could see the agitated churnings of the ocean as the wild herd, seeking its queen, rushed aimlessly southward in its swarming.

Standing upon the topmost height of Fair Island, MacBeard watched the furious waves that lashed his feet and knew that his power had departed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNHEEDED WARNING.

ON THE evening of the same day, London was stirred by a sensation which eclipsed even the interest in the progress of the war. The evening newspapers contained, in full, Donald's narration of the approaching ruin of the world.

Donald's flight to London had been uneventful and speedy. He left the hydroplane in a place whose name was obliterated by the censor, and hurried to the Admiralty. Full of his story, and maddened by the loss of Ida, he never doubted the electrifying effect that it would have upon his auditors, and, thru them, upon England.

So must old Masterman have felt when he encountered Donald at the outer doors of the Navy Department at Washington.

The second sea lord, receiving Donald's name, came to the conclusion that matters of the most pressing moment must have brought the unknown young American naval officer. He rose from his desk and shook hands with him cordially. "Sit down, Mr. Paget," he said warmly. Then he noticed that Donald was dressed in a nondescript suit and that his looks were decidedly wild.

Donald sat down and plunged instantly into the story of the world danger. It did not lose its dramatic interest in the manner of its telling.

"You must stop the war at once," Donald ended. "Unite all nations of the earth, for that is the only way to save the human race. It is a matter of hours, perhaps. Even now these monsters may be speeding southward."

The second sea lord had been unable to interpose a word by reason of the torrent of impassioned speech that poured from Donald's lips. At first he listened in amazement at what he considered an important hoax; then in anger; then, after a brief glance at Donald's face, with absolute passivity.

"I thank you, Mr. Paget," he said, rising, when Donald had ended. "You have done notable work, and England will not forget. And now, sir, you must be conducted to the prime minister at once, that you may appraise him of these startling events."

He touched his bell, and his secretary, a dapper, alert little man, at once appeared. "Excuse me one moment, please," said the second sea lord to Donald.

He whispered with the secretary, whom Donald perceived to glance toward him in a rather apprehensive manner. The secretary came forward, making a preposterously low bow.

"I will conduct you to the prime minister at once, Mr. Paget," he said. "No time must be lost. I am going to have a taxicab called."

"You did quite right to come here," Mr. Paget," said the second sea lord. "By the way, where is your ship?"

"I left it on Fair Island in charge of Mr. Davies, my second in command," said Donald.

"Ah, yes," said the second sea lord. "Poor fellow!" he added to his secretary, in a low voice. "He told me that before. I understand that it is a bad symptom when they stick to their delusions."

Donald heard, and suddenly he realized that they were playing a game with him, much as Davies had done on the memorable afternoon when he explained the situation to the middy.

"Is it possible, my lord, that you do not believe my story?" he exclaimed, growing hot with indignation.

The second sea lord, misunderstanding Donald's advance, retreated to his desk and snatched up a pair of shears.

"Mr. Paget, sir," interposed the secretary, interposing himself deftly between them. "I'm sure that you will come to the prime minister quietly. We've caught most of the monsters, sir, in a special net with steel meshes. We're all waiting to know what you want done with them, Mr. Paget."

Donald addressed the second sea lord again.

"I understand," he said, controlling himself with an effort of will. "Very well, my lord, I shall say no more at this time. On you will rest the responsibility. And you will repent this bitterly within a day or two."

And he walked quietly out of the office, leaving the second sea lord and the secretary staring at each other. He was at the bottom of the stairway before they had recovered their self-possession. Then the sea lord snatched up his telephone.

"Give me the chief commissioner of police!" he shouted. Then, in an aside, "Stop him, Mr. Clark! Run after him and help the porter hold him. Poor fellow, we mustn't let him get at large. Hello!" This was to Scotland Yard. "This is the admiralty. I want the chief police commissioner immediately. I am Sir——"

But before he could explain his purpose, and before the secretary could fulfill his mandate, Donald was outside the Admiralty. He hailed a crawling taxicab and leaped into it.

"Drive to hades!" he shouted.

"Very well, guv'nor," answered the cabby imperturbably. The vehicle dashed wildly along Whitehall. Presently the driver opened the trapdoor.

"Any particular part of hades, guv'nor?" he inquired.

"Yes; straight to the hottest part," said Donald.

"All right guv'nor. I was only mentioning that that place is outside the district radius. It'll cost more, guv'nor."

"Then drive to—to——" muttered Donald, totally at a loss. "Let me out!" he shouted, and, flinging the man a coin, he stepped into the street.

A curious haze was creeping up from the Thames, spreading perceptibly from corner to corner. It blotted out the redness of the evening clouds and hung overhead like a great, smoky pall. A newsboy rushed past, shouting. Donald saw the contents of the placard that swung before him. It mentioned a series of local explosions which had been occurring along the east coast of England.

Donald walked toward the Strand. At one place a group of men had gathered curiously about a number of newspaper placards pinned up against a boarding which the vendor was selling as fast as he could handle his wares. England was shrouded with fog, believed to be a gas of German manufacture. There were wild reports of the blowing up of east-coast cities.

Donald moved on. But soon he became as utterly lost as if he was threading the mazes of a primeval forest. Faces glared at him out of the fog and disappeared. All traffic stopped. Horses' heads appeared against shop windows, drivers pulled up with oaths, and blows were exchanged among jostling pedestrians.

Donald was trying to locate a hotel. He groped his way from corner to corner, clinging to the railings of areas and pillars of houses.

He had reached some open space, which he imagined to be Trafalgar square, but it was impossible to cross. Carts, carriages, omnibuses, stalled by the fog, loomed up on every side. Horses stood snorting invisibly, a few inches away. Drivers struck out with their whips promiscuously. Men were shouting, women screaming. Panic had begun. All knew that this was not one of those rare black fogs that descend upon London.

Then it was that the news of the man-monsters began to filter thru the crowd.

It began at some distant point, and it seemed to creep along the street as the fog had done. The multitude caught the contagion of the fear. They seemed to sense the universal dread, and, becoming infected, to hand it on to others.

Donald was flung to the pavement by a fellow who, rushing on, tripped and fell down beside him. They caught at each other. A thousand feet stamped past them. The horses, catching the mob fear, reared and plunged into the fugitives. Every one was running and cursing.

"Let me go!" gasped the man, as Donald held him. "It's the man-monsters! They're devouring children down Wapping way. Let me go, curse you!"

He struck Donald between the eyes, freed himself and ran. The air was full of shieks and fury. Parties who had united themselves for mutual protection collided with others. A man, invisible, was shrieking out prayers and denouncing the sins of London.

A man announcing himself, thru a megaphone, to be the police commissioner, ordered all to remain still until star bombs could be set off. Nobody heeded him, and it was never known whether he spoke the truth. The mob had begun to flow in one direction, sweeping all before it.

Donald had been swept along with it, and then left, stranded and jammed by the human torrent, into a small recess. In front of him he felt a parapet.

A shrieking man caught him by the arm and thrust his face into his. "Who are you? Are you saved?" he babbled. "It's the Day of Wrath! It's Judgment! They are coming—all England's doomed!"

"Be calm!" said Donald sharply. "It's the fog—what else?"

A high-pitched wailing answered him. It seemed to swell above the roar of the multitude like a death-keening.

"What else? It's the man-monsters!" the fellow howled at Donald. "They're everywhere. They're drying up the river beds. They're coming up the Thames. They're walking over the Channel dryshod. Monstrous apes, a hundred feet in height. My God!—and we poor human apes were trying to kill each other with guns!"

He tore himself away and was lost in the crowd. Donald hoisted himself to the parapet, scrambled to the outer coping, and clung there. The shrieking mob rushed past and never touched him. Then there came the sound of a mighty explosion, a long volume of resounding thunder. It went rolling down the river like the discharge of a thousand cannon.

Another followed, nearer, and a vivid sheet of flame went up to the sky from Southwark. Another, and a second column of fire appeared from Hempstead. It leaped out of the void into the ether and burned like a blazing curtain, very slowly dissolving. Lines of fire rippled far down the Thames; salvos of artillery perforated the night with flames.

And then, as the flood from a hosepipe, a burst of water from the skies deluged the city. It boiled thru the air with hissing lashes, as if the portals of the firmament were broken open. The grinning face of the moon broke thru the smoky pall. Suddenly the stars appeared. And it was calm, clear weather.

A roar of relief seemed to go up from the throats of the multitude. And, very slowly, the traffic began to resume its course again.

What had happened, as scientists afterward surmised, was this: The hydrogen, increasing until it attained a certain chemical relationship to the oxygen of the atmosphere, had exploded where it was densest, on contact with fire, as in a laboratory. But the explosion instantly generated water as the two gases met. Hence followed the deluge.

Up and down the east coast, wherever the monsters congregated, explosions and deluges prevailed. By morning the swarm had spread to the shores of Belgium, France and the Netherlands. The Thames was infested as far as Iney lock. A proclamation was issued forbidding the lighting of fires wherever the haze appeared.

But as yet the government was only dimly beginning to understand that this was some unknown natural force and not a contrivance of the enemy. They did not know until Donald presented himself in the office of the second sea lord at 9 o'clock.

"Good Lord!" muttered the sea lord, staring at him. "It's you!"

"I wish to be placed under arrest, if you think I am insane, until the governments of the world call on me," said Donald.

The second sea lord grasped him by the hands.

"There isn't time to say more than that I apologize," he said. "The government has been searching for you since daylight. We cabled Washington, and they have placed you at our disposal. You are the only man who can advise us, and—the prime minister wants you immediately. And that's no joke this time!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE BATTLE OF THE DOGGER.

WITHIN the next three days a series of phenomena occurred which left no doubt as to the dangers which were menacing the human race.

Before noon messages began to pour in from all parts of the country and [illegible] of the home squadron wired that a torpedo boat destroyer had approached him under a flag of truce, with the singular statement that the ocean had receded all along the Baltic littoral, leaving a vast swamp of muddy sand, in which ships were embedded. The Zuyder Zee no longer existed. A spur of land extended from the dogger bank nearly to Ostend. He proposed a temporary armistice.

Next came naval messages from captains of the blockading squadron saying that they were stranded. The phenomena were attributed to a sudden elevation in the earth's surface, restoring the physical geography of prehistoric times.

The governor of the Isle of Wight telegraphed that the Solent had become dry land, uniting his territory with the coast of Hampshire.

But by afternoon the swarming of the sea monsters had become universally known. Some, half-grown, which had been unable to resist the pressure of the atmosphere, had been found, disrupted, along the shore. And to counteract the drying up of the sea came stories of terrific inundations all along the coasts, always accompanied first by dense fogs and then by hydrogen gas explosions.

By evening reports were telegraphed that an army of the monsters had landed upon the shores of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, had crossed the Wash, which became first a swamp, then an inundation, and was moving along the river beds toward Cambridge, stripping the land of vegetation.

Dense fogs enshrouded its advance, which made it more terrible. A battery of coast artillery, which was sent forward to stay its progress, became mired in the swamps and was compelled to abandon its guns, the soldiers with difficulty extricating themselves. They had fired until their barrels were flaming hot, but it was impossible to locate the monsters, which resembled only phosphorescent globes shimmering in the thick fog.

Everywhere the explosions generated deluges. The cloud of black hydrogen terrified the country people, who fled toward the cities, congesting them and making the question of the food supply a threatening one. There was nothing but an alternation of fog and tropical torrents. The ocean seemed to be plucked up and hurled over the land.

By nightfall all communication between London and the eastern counties had ceased. The telegraph poles were washed out of the sodden ground. The approach of the herd was heralded by the haze.

Already poultry and domestic animals were being devoured. There were reports that children had been seized from riverside houses. The docks, the shores of Essex and the Thames estuary were abandoned. The flats were a level stretch of water above which the steeples of the churches stood out as isolated landmarks.

The monsters, devoid of control, advanced in separate bodies. While one portion of the herd proceeded along the river beds of East Anglia, another spread into the Fens and along the Channel. A third moved up the Thames. A fourth spread into the reaches of the Seine.

Everywhere the war had been halted by a short [illegible]. The governments of the civilized world devoted their whole attention to the interpretation and solution of this new and startling problem.

Various plans were mooted, but they all presented the same difficulty—that of assembling the monsters into a single place. If they could be surrounded by a cordon of ships, their destruction could undoubtedly be accomplished by concentrated shell-fire.

Scientists assured the government that, once adapted to an amphibious life, the monsters would find it impossible to reassume their deep-water environment.

A fleet of obsolete war vessels was assembled and armed with numerous light guns. While Donald directed the operations from the Admiralty, a rear admiral was placed in charge of the squadron, and a cordon was drawn across the southern end of the North Sea. Electrically lighted mines were laid down, in the hope of attracting the creatures into a certain area.

In the meantime there had been a good deal of activity on Fair Island. The tidal surge created by the departure of the herd soon subsided, breaking into a choppy, turbulent sea. The F55, tossed and battered as she was by the waves, nevertheless held tight. The locked rudder prevented her from submerging.

Within half an hour after the arrival of Clouts and Ida on board, the middy had got the petrol engines working and proceeded on the way to England. He intended to go straight to [illegible] he had no doubt that, Donald's story having been told, his arrival would be expected. With closed hatches, he knew that he had little to fear.

Within the messroom the queen of the swarm was housed securely.

She was almost invisible, and not at all visible by daylight. A silent, phantom figure, she created fear and awe in each of them. They did not know what her connection with the swarm might be. They knew she had no human intelligence.

Clouts, on whom devolved the task of seeing that she remained secure, limited his efforts to depositing food and water furtively within the door, which he only opened two or three inches for this purpose. He also left a couple of blankets. But the blankets remained unfolded, and neither food nor water was touched.

The mature queen did not eat or drink. Like the mayfly, she lived only to love. Somewhere, among the swarm, was her predestined mate. But the swarm had vanished, deprived of leadership, a chaotic army.

And since she had looked into the eyes of a human being something had been stirring in her savage heart, something that had created in her the germ of a soul. It was the man of the future, the man of a million years ahead the man of today who was to evolve out of the sea monster.

The queen, imprisoned and cut off from her own race, was filled with a yearning for a human lover which was, it must be presumed, unconscious; the blindest of blind instincts, far buried out of knowledge, latent but potent.

* * * * * * *

From his position upon the highest point of Fair Island, MacBeard saw the swarm vanish at sea. He saw the F55 start in their wake, and threw up his hands and raved. Coward as he was, he could not let his last hope slip from him like that.

He was the loneliest man in the world, as he had always been. But he had not known it, or cared. He had rebelled against the human race. He was the modern Cain; he had plotted the ruin of the world, over which he was to rule, godlike. But that was before he had set eyes upon Ida Kennedy.

He was too shrewd not to understand that in yielding to that new passion he had lost much of his power. But now all the suppressed instincts that had been born in him had come into their own.

With love there came a humanizing of the man. He wanted to [illegible] and

(Continued on Page 26.

Applied Patriotism

Woman has made herself indispensable to the Nation's war activities. This is being demonstrated daily in many splendid ways. The telephone operator takes her place in the front ranks of our "national army" of women.

Back of the scenes, invisible, her war work is to make telephone communication possible. Through her the Chief of Staff in Washington speaks to the Cantonment Commandant in a far-off state. The touch of her fingers forges a chain of conversation from Shipping Board to shipyard, Quartermaster General to [illegible] supply depot, merchant to manufacturer, city to country, office to home.

Without her this increasing complexity of military, business and civil life could not be kept smoothly working. Hers is patriotism applied. She is performing her part with enthusiasm and fidelity.

The increasing pressure of war work continually calls for more and more telephone operators, and young women in every community are answering the summons—cheerfully and thoughtfully shouldering the responsibilities of the telephone service upon which the Nation depends. Each one who answers the call helps speed up the winning of the war.

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The Older Woman Knew That She, Not the Girl, Was Best Fitted to Be

The Eagle's Mate

By Bell Elliott Palmer

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A GROCERY wagon, a confectioner's wagon and an errand boy with a huge bunch of flowers had all stopped at the Hairgroves' residence within an hour. This was very unusual in the modest village, where purchasers were wont to carry their packages home in baskets, so Susan Hemper knew that the report must be true; and being true, she felt that her own dire hour had come.

Throwing a homely shawl over her gray hair, and holding it across her thin throat with long, trembling fingers, she turned the front-door key to her small cottage and hastened up the road, a distance of two blocks, to the big barnlike house that had been in the Ha[illegible]grove family for over half a century.

The side gate was sagging open in friendly fashion when she reached it, so she did not have to stop, as usual, to worry with the rusty latch. Slipping thru the welcoming gap, she puffed excitedly up the long, weedy walk, pushed open the kitchen door, without the ceremony of a knock, and staggered in. There she confronted Mrs. Hairgrove, who, at the unexpected latch-click, switched nervously around from the big table, where she was stirring vigorously at a cake-mixture, and fixed startled eyes upon her.

"Fanny Hairgrove," her neighbor panted, as she dropped with a dry-lipped gasp, on the edge of the nearest chair, "you ain't going to tell me that it is true! You ain't going to be marrying off little Bewildy to Tod Hemper this afternoon, like Hannah Derrick ran in to tell me! And all in private, too, without even askin' a lifelong neighbor!"

The woman attacked wavered an instant in evident confusion, then her lean, masculine-knit shoulders lifted angrily under the tight clasp of her ugly gray gingham. "Yes, I [illegible]. And I don't know as even [illegible] to be invited to weddings—[illegible]ly when the poor man has [illegible]st lost his mother and is too sensitive to want any fuss made! I respect him all the more for it!"

Susan Hemper rose and, clutching at the nearest object, which happened to be a bowl of egg whites, began beating at it desperately. "Fanny Hairgrove," she wailed, between furious attacks upon the growing snowdrift, "don't you dare do it; don't you dare! It's turrible! Poor little Bewildy never did have any will-power of her own. You know [illegible] why her father took to calling [illegible]ldy, instead of Myra, 'cause she was [illegible] and so confused [illegible] sensitive plant, if any one spoke the least bit cross to [illegible]. And now you are going to let her [illegible] a man who is a very brute for temper. You know yourself the record the Hempers have. From the very instant she marries, poor Bewildy will be in a veritable hell. She isn't his kind at all. The woman who married Tod's cousin ought to know that—if she don't know another thing on earth!"

Fanny Hairgrove clattered a big tin spoon to the table with an exclamation of utter amazement. "Why, Susan Hemper," she cried, "have you gone plumb crazy? You ought to be ashamed of [illegible]. All the time you was living with [illegible]er. I never heard [illegible] make a slightin[illegible] about him; and now when he's [illegible] dead these three years or more, and ought to be let alone, if he ever was, you come saying all kinds of turrible things a[illegible]in him and agin his cousin. It's what I call indecent—that's what—and especially when you know how little Bewildy loves Tod!"

Susan Hemper turned the bowl of beaten whites upsid[illegible] dow[illegible] watchi[illegible] the mass stand the test of [illegible] immediate surroundin[illegible] then she faced her accuser with fresh-leaping fury.

"Yes, I know I kept quiet when Jerry was living, 'cause it was only me that had to suffer. I was strong then, and not used to much petting in life no way—Bewildy had a deal of it, as long [illegible] her father lived—and I let all of you think the bruises I carried, and the times I had to limp, and the times I couldn't even drag out of bed at all, was due to my falling down cellar or across slippery walks. And I would still go on letting you think I was a clumsy, falling fool, and standing d[illegible]cent by Jerry—only it's a case of saving Bewildy now."

Susan leaned forward suddenly and clutched at her neighb[illegible] skirts, her tears flowing bes[illegible]. "Oh, Fanny, don't let her—don't. [illegible] said himself onct, when he had struck me harder than he meant, that no Hemper ought to marry. He said Tod was even worse than him, and he was afraid he would kill somebody some time. He wasn't even a bit drunk, either—that might have been some excuse. Just plain temper."

For a moment the big, cold-faced listener stood fairly cowed. Her glance turned wildly upon the door that led up the back steps. It seemed as tho she were really contemplating rushing up the stairs and setting her daughter free. But soon a reaction came. She stooped and unloosened the woman's trembling grip with compelling fingers. "For the goodness sakes of ever, S[illegible]n, don't let's have any more scenes. I [illegible]t making Bewildy marry Tod. No woman can make a daughter of twenty do much of anything these days. If you don't believe it, you can ask the girl yourself."

Susan Hemper rose slowly, wiping away every trace of tears and setting her mouth firmly.

"Perhaps I have meddled, then. But I wanted to give the warning while there was still time. And somehow I always thought—I hoped that—that Bewildy would marry Nathan Hunt. They seem a deal more suited. He is such a fine, industrious young fellow. They say he was hanging around the postoffice looking like a ghost today, after the news got out about Bewildy and Tod."

The vigorous red in Mrs. Hairgrove's hot face changed into mottled purple and gray. She nodded.

"I thought he was [illegible]ing to speak to Bewildy. He was s[illegible]ttin' up nights considerable with her last summer. But, after his father's death, it looked like he just faded away from all women and took to sprucing up the farm. Heaven knows it needed it! And they say he's done wonders there. But I don't take much stock in a young man as a lover when he can't do nothing toward courtship but plow and pull weeds." She turned back to her cake-beating with an energetic shrug, which meant, unmistakably, a complete dismissal of the subject.

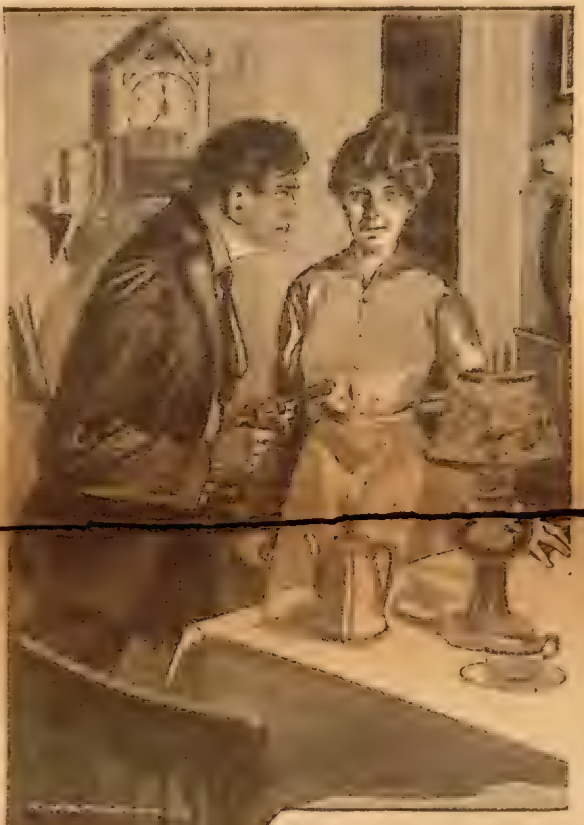
Susan slipped the shawl over her head again and laid a cold hand on the door knob. "Well, good-by," she said. "I only thought I'd give warning. An'- an' I hope it will turn out just fine."

At the gate Susan Hemper found Bewildy waiting for her. It was still early spring, but she had on a little cream dress made of flimsy goods. She leaned against a stanch bush of waxen syringas, and her face was the whitest and the most beautiful of all the sweet wind-trembled flowers.

Susan Hemper put the only plausible meaning on the girl's beseeching silence. "You heard why I came, Bewildy?"

The girl nodded. Then her mouth trembled, struggled with a sentence, and gave forth only a gasp.

Mrs. Hemper put quick, tender arms about the swaying figure. "You are no more suited, honey, than a grizzly bear and a little white rose. You couldn't make him happy if you gave your very heart's blood. He never would you. Why don't you break, even now?"



He Advanced Several Steps Nearer, but the Woman Never Flinched.

The girl caught at the near gate-post, her eyes shining in the growing dusk [illegible] in a fevered sky, her face [illegible]. "I can't."

"[illegible] don't you [illegible] Nathan Hunt instead? You know h[illegible] love[illegible] you."

"I [illegible] heard of—of what Tod'll do! [illegible]. Nathan can't love me! It's been [illegible]."

"Only months, Bewildy." Mrs. Hemper stroked her cold hand with big, tender fingers. "He does love you—Nathan Hunt does, or your own heart wouldn't feel that hungry ache for him. He ain't the kind to stir up a girl's feelings [illegible] to play the yellow dog. [illegible] affairs were in bad condition when he died. Perhaps he has been too proud [illegible]sk you till he got them straightened [illegible]t."

The girl trembled eagerly. "Oh, if I could only believe it!"

The woman drew Bewildy to her protectingly, pushing her thru the gate. "Come on quick to my house. I'll think [illegible] to prove it. Just leave every[illegible] to me!"

N[illegible] another word was spoken along the way. Bewildy hung helple[illegible] enough on the older woman's arm, but her small feet scarcely touched the earth under the stir of a new hope. Once her lips parted, and she laughed—laughed softly, wonderingly, utterly forgetting that any one was near. When they entered Mrs. Hemper's frugally furnished but shining kitchen, her rescuer fairly pulled the young girl across the white floor. Then she opened a small storeroom door, pushed her inside, slammed it to, and locked it, drawing out the big key. "There," she called out triumphantly, before the astonished prisoner could gain a breath, "[illegible] are not to blame, Bewildy, if you are not there in time now for the wedding. It's me who will get the dose! But be fearful still, dear, till I get back. Don't call out, no matter what! They might be hunting for you, but they will never dream of looking in a tiny storeroom. I'll lock the outside door anyway, so they'll think I'm away from home. I'm going to carry the key to Nathan Hunt as fast as old Prince will take me. When he unlocks it you'll come out to him straightway."

Quickly as she had thought and acted, however, Susan Hemper was just about a moment too late. Even before she could twist a shawl about her head, after lighting a lamp, a thick angrily-thudding foot was heard upon the porch-step. The door flew open, and a big man, surly, swollen-eyed, heavily flushed, panting in furious passion, stood facing her.

"You she-devil!" he cursed. "You hell-cat! This is all your work! She was seen last with you. And you would make a laughing-stock of me—would you—me, that nobody ever dared cross before. Well, I guess not!" He whipped out a revolver and aimed it unerringly enough, tho with angrily trembling fingers, straight at the woman. "I came into town to marry this evening, and I am going to marry. Do you hear me—I'm going to marry. Tell me where Bewildy is, or I'll kill you, and no mistake!"

He advanced several steps nearer, but the woman never flinched, tho she did not doubt his word. Old crises came back to her now, and made her calm. As she stood in the half lamplight, her face lifted proudly, her dark eyes meeting the man's furious glance unswervingly, she was beautiful for the moment, looking much less than her forty years.

The man felt the force of her charm, as ever such primitive natures must; marveled, too, at her grit; and, for a space, dropped his weapon to his side in stupid silence.

The woman seized her chance. "Lay it on the table," she urged gently. Then as he really did, she came a little nearer.

"You can't have Bewildy," she exclaimed, with a desperate attempt at calmness. "She's safe now. And in just a little while, as soon as they can get the license and a minister, she is going to marry the only one she really loves."

The man was seized with [illegible] fury now that baffled, blinded, made a clumsy, miscalculating brute of him. In his rage he forgot his revolver; but tho the blood drummed in his head till his eyes were blurred and seemed parting from their very sockets, he still saw his prey; sprang for her; shook her; clutched vicious nails into her flesh; backed her slowly toward the wall, where he meant to break her skull—while over and over, in babbling, monotonous accents, he murmured one thought, one ultimatum, like one deprived of all reason:

"I came to marry. I'm going to marry. I came to marry—I'm going [illegible]"

And then, suddenly, the woman, bruised, stifled, but still wondrously clear of mind, had her big inspiration. "Listen, Tod," she coaxed huskily. "Please listen—just one instant. Of course you are going to marry—of course you are. But Bewildy couldn't have helped you much. She couldn't have understood you. You are going to marry somebody who does, Tod—do you hear—a woman who does understand! Tod, listen—for God's sake, listen; don't choke me! You're going to marry me."

She was beautiful now—as beautiful as an immortal soul, that, strangely enough, had found a reason for turning back from the very gates of heaven to [illegible]ve her all to a seemingly undeserving cause. The man's hands dropped from the throat to the thin stanch shoulders. He stared, unseeing, uncomprehending, into the woman's white, pleading face. At last his words came thickly. "You—[illegible] you will—will marry me—after—[illegible] knowing Jerry!"

"[illegible] I can make you more comfortable, too, Tod. I understand your kind of men better. I don't ask nor expect [illegible] much as she would. Jerry wasn't all bad. He wasn't; he wasn't! Neither are you. I—oh, Tod—I am not afraid."

Every man hears the bells of heaven ringing clearly once, no matter what he is. Tod Hemper heard now. With the breath of the woman warm on his face; with her eyes trusting, actually trusting him, the man who had bruised and throttled and would have murdered her; with a pledge to give herself to him on her lips—she was suddenly a miracle of sweetness—a thing to be desired more than anything else on earth or in heaven. He longed to seize her in his arms with a fierce hurting hug; but first he pushed her just far enough away to tilt her chin and look hard into her eyes.

"Susan," he pledged huskily, in the voice of an awed supplicant—— "Oh, honey—I'll try never to be really bad—if you only will."

Her dark, warm eyes answered back in complete understanding; but, woman-like, she held him slightly away till she added daring to daring in her big ultimatum. "I know you will, Tod—I—I am glad to take the risk; but prove it to me the way I want most. Go tell Nathan Hunt yourself—to come."

Again primeval man stared out in abject wonder at the courage of the weaker vessel; and then because it was all so unusual, so splendidly daring, yielded utterly. "You are worth even that tremendous price, Susan," Tod laughed oddly. Then he caught her close and with one big strain against the hot furnace of his heart, he left her, and went out quickly.

For a moment the woman stood in the middle of the room without stirring a muscle, wrapped in a greater peace than she had ever believed possible for mortals to attain; then the thought of the imprisoned girl, and her probable fright, sent her bounding to the locked door. She was not prepared, however, for the depths of abject terror and despair that made only an ashen wax-model out of the face confronting her.

"Oh, Susan," the young girl gasped, falling on her knees, and grasping a fold of the woman's dress for support, "I tried to call out. I tried to come to you, but I was so frightened I couldn't move or speak. And I heard what—what you did to save me. Oh, Susan, I am more afraid of him than ever—but I won't let you do that!"

The muscular arms of the older woman closed soothingly around the girl's trembling figure. She lifted her easily, carried her across to an old lounge, and, after arranging the pillows more comfortably about her head, she went out into the cool entry, to get her a glass of buttermilk.

"I don't know whether I can make you understand," she said finally, as she drew her rocker near the girl's side and took one of the cold hands in her own, rubbing it vigorously, "but it's just like the dove and the eagle. One loves the low sunny roofs and blossoming fruit-trees; the other builds its home of sticks and clay on the highest and most chilly cliffs. It's bleak up there—and—and risky—but it is the environment that an eagle must ever make for his mate—and it's the environment that makes his mate fly past all sunlit roofs, past all blossoming shrubbery and fruit-blossoms, up and up till she reaches it—the strong, ugly nest of sticks and clay!"

Eagerly the woman waited to see if the question burning in the eyes of the girl, slowly framing on her lips, would show understanding. Then it came.

"Do you mean," cried the younger woman, as she sat up very straight and seized both of her rescuer's hands in her own, "that—that after feeling the prick of the sticks and the chill of the wind and clay, you really want to go back?"

The woman flushed deeply, like a schoolgirl just engaged. She nodded. "Yes, I mean—just that."

"Oh, you're brave!" the girl said. Only partial understanding—the only kind she would ever have concerning such matters—filled little Bewildy with keenest admiration.

But Susan Hemper shook her head with an odd little laugh. "Not brave—it's just knowing how, dear. One traveler touches a thistle lightly and his hand is full of nettles; another seizes it tightly, pressing his palm close against the bristling pod, and he scarcely feels—indeed, likes the merely stimulating touch of the pricks."

But there was no time for another word from the girl, for, at the sound of an eagerly rushing footstep, both women sprang to their feet.

"It's Nathan," Susan Hemper cried happily. She kissed the trembling girl, and pushed her toward the door. "Go out to meet your lover," she encouraged. "Your mother will let you marry him at home, I am sure. It is best so. As for me—I belong to Tod!"

Votes Versus Baby Carriages

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

GREGORY HOWELL had risen that morning with the firm conviction that his candidate for mayor was going to lose, and if this happened, a nice fat plum almost within his own reach was going to fall into another man's mouth. [illegible] begin with. Add to that a drizzly, cold morning, a dull headache from a late supper the night before and a disposition almost as touchy as a Mill's bomb and you have a combination that is likely to start something moving.

It did.

Approaching the poll to cast his vote, what was his surprise to see in front of the door for several yards in both directions, a line of baby carriages in various stages of preservation, according to the age of the occupant within.

Inside a chatter of feminine voices brought back to our friend the fact that since the last election women had obtained the franchise.

Now Gregory didn't mean to do murder, but just at that minute the spring in the bomb let go, and he felt that he must kick something.

The something happened to be a white willow baby cart with the top down, around which showed an edge of fluffy pink and blue.

The kick was swift and sure and strong, and the grade from that point was one of the town's famous coasting tracks. Before he realized quite what had happened the cart shot forward, and down went baby, buggy and all, as swiftly as a switch back car drops from its dizzy height in a pleasure park.

Then a woman screamed and Gregory gave one jump. It had been some years since he'd been champion sprinter at college and good living had softened his muscles, but he caught the cart just as it was about to crash into a telephone pole. And as he stood there puffing like the first automobile, the owner of the cart arrived, quite as breathless and distracted as he.

But surprises had not ceased for our [illegible] make no sound, and his ears roared like a spring storm, his eyes were quite capable of noting that this young woman was by far the loveliest thing he had ever looked upon. Exercise and indignation had imparted a color to her cheeks and a fire to her eyes that were quite fascinating, albeit the latter boded no good for him.

"Are—aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she panted.

"Y—yes," he nodded, "I am."

"If the buggy had ever hit that pole—why—why——"

"Don't say it," he pleaded, "I know."

Breathing was easier now and words more plenty. "I saw you kick it," she declared.

"Oh, don't," he groaned, holding up his hand. "I know I'm a beast and a brute, and an uncivilized aborigine, but it was unintentional, I assure you—unpremeditated. It just naturally comes out when I get mad and I can't help it."

They had started along the street together, Gregory having decided to do his voting at noon. He was too much shaken to go back now, besides, the girl's way lay in the other direction.

"Mad? What about?" The snap had died out of her eyes and instead another expression he could not quite understand had taken its place.

"Why, I was—you see. It's most unusual to find so many women at the polls, when one goes voting."

"I see. You don't approve of suffrage."

"Well, you see, I hardly do. It's so ——"

"Progressive," she supplied, "and fair and everything that is good."

"Of course," he said hastily. "I never really studied the question or thought a lot about it. No doubt there are a great many arguments in favor of it."

She laughed, then stopped and held out her hand. "As you say, Mr. Howell, it just depends. Here is where I live. Now, good-by, and don't reproach yourself too much for losing your temper. It's turned out all right, you see."

The sun had come out and the exercise having put Gregory's liver into action, his headache had disappeared. Moreover, the fact that his pretty acquaintance was now in a most [illegible] humor made a combination that registered high on the barometer of his spirits. The only thing that bothered him was that he had not the privilege on so short an acquaintance of asking her whether or not the baby was hers. It rather upset him to think of any man being the husband of such a being.

It was the evening of the day after and the newly elected mayor was giving a dinner to celebrate his victory. Our friend, Gregory Howell, was there in all his glory, having made quite sure of the plum.

It seemed that he was destined to have another shock, this time a pleasant one, for he found himself looking into the eyes of his lovely friend of the day before.

"Gregory, this is my sister," said the mayor-elect. "Be extra nice to her. She won me the margin I needed, went around to all the byways and routed out the women, took 'em to the polls and made them vote for me. What do you think of that?"

"I'll tell her what I think," said Gregory, smiling.

"There's just one thing I must know," he asked anxiously when they were alone. "Are you married? Was that your baby I nearly killed?"

She laughed merrily. "No, I'm not married. I'm heart-whole and fancy free. That was not my baby—it wasn't a baby at all. You see, I was moving and I couldn't trust my finest set of Minton to the mover. So I borrowed a cart and turned drayman myself. Merry, if it had ever hit that tree it would have meant almost $500 worth of smashed china."

And Gregory sighed with a relief that was more expressive than words.

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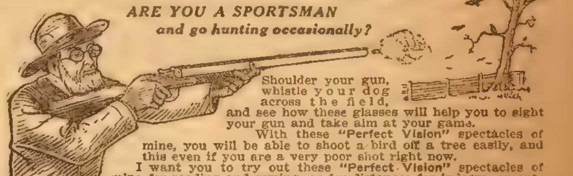

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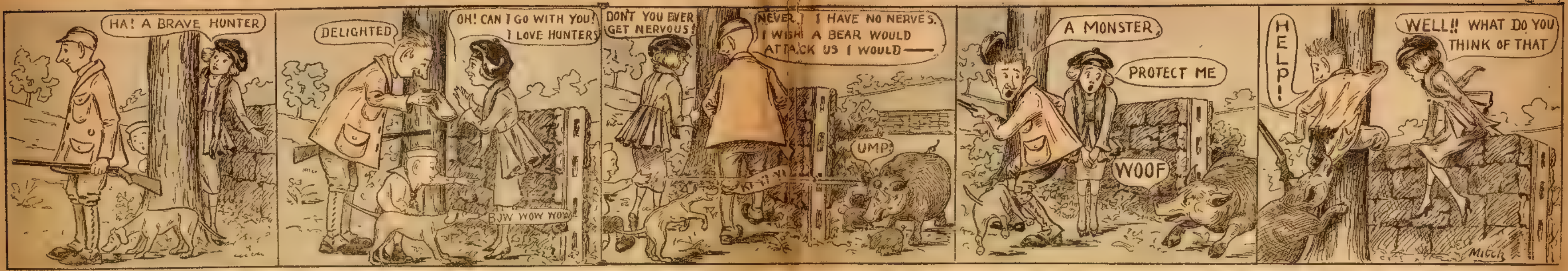
LOVESICK LULU - - Lulu Goes Hunting, but Her Little Brother Does a Little Hunting on His Own Account


HA! A BRAVE HUNTER
DELIGHTED
OH! CAN I GO WITH YOU! I LOVE HUNTERS
BOW WOW WOW
DON'T YOU EVER GET NERVOUS!
NEVER! I HAVE NO NERVES. I WISH A BEAR WOULD ATTACK US I WOULD——
UMP!
A MONSTER
PROTECT ME
WOOF
HELP!
WELL!! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT
Mitch

He Couldn't Spell It.

In the spelling list for a class in a certain Indianapolis school were the words singing and singeing. The class was asked to write sentences using these words to show that they knew the correct meaning of each. One little fellow, Robert, wrote:

"The Italians are a singing nation."

"The Allies will soon be singeing the beard of the kaiser."

With sideward glances he watched his teacher mark his paper and timidly asked:

"Is it all right?"

"Yes," she said, "but the kaiser has no beard; he has a mustache."

"I know, but I wanted 100 on my paper, and I couldn't spell mustache."

◆

Shocking Tears.

"The play was rather shocking," said Playwright Avery Hopwood, discussing a rival's production. "Yes, it was as shocking as the lament of the soldier's bride.

"A soldier's bride on a roof garden burst into tears, and a letter dropped from her limp hand into the champagne bucket on the floor.

"'What's the matter?' her friends asked.

"'George,' she gasped.

"'What is it?' Is he killed? Gassed? Wounded? A prisoner?'

"'No!' And she wept more bitterly than ever. 'No! Coming back!'"

◆

Slight Mix-up.

The solemnity of the meeting was somewhat disturbed when the eloquent young minister pictured in glowing words the selfishness of men who spend their evenings at the club, leaving their wives in loneliness at home. "Think, my hearers," said he, "of a poor, neglected wife, all alone in the house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot and wiping away her tears with the other."

◆

At Last!

Mrs. Chinnwag was highly elated with the success of the women's meeting at which she had spoken, and she could not help remarking it to her husband.

"I was absolutely outspoken in my sentiments," she remarked, "at the meeting today."

Chinnwag gasped and looked incredulous.

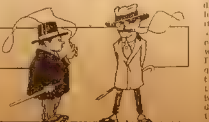
"I can hardly believe it, my dear," he replied. "Who outspoke you?"

Literal Apprehension.

She—"Let's take things in our own hands and just let our folks [illegible] we have made up our minds [illegible]."

He—"But are you sure your father won't kick?"

◆



Ashton—"I know a man who looks so much like you that one could scarcely tell you apart."

[illegible]

◆

Profiteer's Arguments.

Novelist W. B. Trites was talking about war prices in France.

"French war prices are very [illegible] now," he said. "A ham costs 70 [illegible] pound. A pound of butter costs $1. It's all profiteering, of course; there's no real dearth—and the arguments of the French profiteers are quaint.

"Why are apples so high?' I asked a fruit dealer in Nice last winter.

"Because they're scarce,' said he.

"But,' said I, 'the papers announced that the apple crop was enormous and the apples were rotting on the trees.'

"Yes, that's why they're [illegible],' said he. 'It didn't pay to pick them.'"

◆

Pigs Is Pigs.

A prosecuting attorney [illegible] creet as he might have been in the expression of his [illegible] engaged in a case concerning some [illegible].

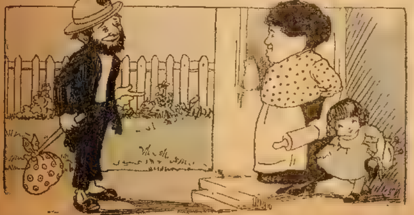
"Gentlemen of the jury," [illegible] "there were twenty-four pigs in the drove, just twenty-four; exactly twice as many as there [illegible] box."

◆

Like a Boxing Exhibition.

"Their parties [illegible] ing."

"Yes. You can always [illegible] some married couple they invite [illegible] one of their little family [illegible] benefit of the guests."



"What! You here again for money for a night's lodging? Why, I just gave you money for that purpose last night."

"I know it, mum, but a feller's gotter sleep more'n wunst."

Couldn't Be Done.

A [illegible] resided in Ireland [illegible] which it was [illegible] to [illegible] and deposit [illegible] on [illegible] On [illegible] the previous night [illegible] wisely but too well, and by mistake drank from the tumbler which contained his artificial optic, thereby swallowing it. His wife, fully aroused and [illegible] the semi-choking condition of her spouse, called to the valet, who was an Irishman, to render assistance. Pat, having promptly arrived, was requested to look down his master's throat to see what caused the obstruction. Having proceeded to investigate, he saw the eye in question lodged [illegible] distance down the passage [illegible] the anxious wife asked:

"Can't you see down, Pat?"

"How can I see down when another [illegible]"

Large Enough.

Ex-President Taft, in his younger days, when he was a law reporter, had been studying a case in Somerville, Ohio, and found he couldn't get back to the office that night unless he managed to stop a thru express. So he wired to headquarters, "Will you stop the thru express at Somerville to take on a large party?"

The answer came back, "Y[illegible]"

The express was duly stopped [illegible] The young [illegible] reporter [illegible] with his copy and the conductor [illegible] "Where's that large party I was to take on?"

"I'm it," was the [illegible]

◆

Knew How It Could Be Done.

[illegible] said little Anthony, "did you [illegible]"

[illegible] his mother. [illegible] told [illegible] couldn't afford to [illegible] one.

[illegible] say that! But what [illegible]

[illegible] told him how badly you wanted it [illegible] in favor of it, but he re[illegible]

[illegible] mother, if it had been something you wanted yourself you'd have cried a little and then you'd have [illegible]

◆

Peers and Potatoes.

[illegible] of [illegible] the kaiser's aristocratic creed.

[illegible] he said, "were [illegible] common people to [illegible] that [illegible] kaiser's creed. Why, th[illegible] lay that it was painful [illegible] French army be[illegible]

[illegible] to the Kaiser at [illegible] had no effect [illegible]

[illegible] are like potatoes [illegible] The [illegible] thing [illegible]

◆

Stand Pat.

[illegible] world was getting better."

"I haven't [illegible]," replied the philosopher. "The fact that it is a fine old world is what made the Hohenzollerns [illegible] to take personal possession [illegible]"

◆

Queer Acting.

Mrs. Bacon—"I see in a new drama just produced a young man falls in love with his mother-in-law."

Mr. Bacon—"But, you must remember, dear, the young man was only acting."

Shooting Stars, Too.

An old colored man entered a store kept by another negro, and asked to be shown some service flags.

"W'at you wan' wid uh service flag, brother?" asked the storekeeper.

"Well, ah'se got some chillern in de wah."

"How many is you got in de wah?"

"Ah'se got fo'teen."

"Lawd' nigger, you don' wan' no service flag, w'at you wants is a piece of de milky way!" gasped the proprietor.—Judge.

◆

Had to Match.

"You were so bright yesterday and you seem so depressed today."

"I had to change my mind to match my new blue suit."

Wrong Number.

"Did you ever get a proposal, auntie?"

"Once, my dear. A gentleman proposed over the telephone, but he had the wrong number."

◆

Owns a Flivver.

"What kind of an engine have you in your car?"

"A donkey engine, I guess. It's very stubborn."

A Dark Moment.

The millionaire, whose wife had recently died, walked thru the general office to his private room. While so doing something caught his eye and he called the manager.

"Wilson, I am very glad to see you sympathize with me in my recent loss by decorating the office with a little crape," he said, pointing in the direction of a black piece of cloth hanging on the wall.

The manager looked dumfounded.

"Crape, sir. Crape! That's not crape, it's the office boy's towel."

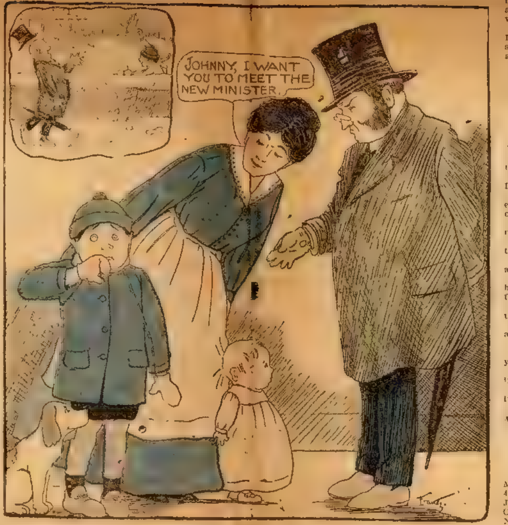
◆

Same Cry.

Wife—"John, I will have to get some new clothes this winter."

Husband—"Great Scott, woman! That's just what you said last year."

WHEN YOU A[illegible] I WERE YOUNG


JOHNNY, I WANT YOU TO MEET THE NEW MINISTER.

Ask of the Waves.

The following is part of the diary of [illegible] A soldier who had promised to [illegible] accounts of his experiences on board ship.

"Tuesday, 17th, 8 o'clock a. m. Feeling fine. Full of good cheer and porridge.

"Tuesday, 9 o'clock a. m. Still full of good cheer. Minus porridge!"

Only Chance.

"Why did he marry his typewriter?"

"I suppose he thought it was his only chance of being the family dictator."

Roused Him.

The world-famous editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast and said: "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor sat up and shouted, "You're a liar! we have the largest circulation in the country!" Then he got out of bed and wrote an article on the malice of unsuccessful rivals.

Brain Teasers.

Anagram.

155—My first is in bat, but not in bal
My second in big, but not in tall
My third is in dog, but not in cat
My fourth is in then, but not in that
My fifth is in red, but not in blue
My whole is an animal that lives at the zoo

—

Changed Heads.

156—Example—I am a sound. Change my head and I become, in turn, a hard substance, solitary, the fruit of the pine, and to sharpen. Answer: Tone, bone, lone, cone, hone.

1. I am a company. Change my head and I become, in turn, ground, particle of stone, part of the body, and a rod.

2. I am an animal. Change my head and I become, in turn, cherished, apprehension, trappings, heeds, adjacent, a fruit, to raise, a period of time.

3. I am a useful implement. Change my head and I become, in turn, to [illegible], a sweet substance, a fraud, a body of water, a fish, to form, and to rouse.

4. I am money. Change my head and I become, in turn, venturesome, reserved, to double, tricked, to possess, and related.

—

Four Word Square.

157
1. A measure
2. A pledge
3. A boy's name
4. A heathen god

Hidden Flowers.

158—Fill each blank with name of a flower or plant concealed in the sentence.

1. Gaily blooming in two old tin pans I espied some choice ——.
2. How can there ever be names enough invented for all the varieties of ——?
3. Can you criticize or chide me for raving over the beauty of the ——?
4. I hope on your parterre you sometimes allow an old-fashioned ——.
5. I wandered o'er "a stern and rockabout coast" gay with the ——.
6. In spring we search far and near but usually with success for the beautiful ——.
7. Stretched on the hill I lie scenting the fragrance of the ——.
8. That tall and stately plant I call a ——.
9. Be off, or get me nothing but a ——.
10. Let us stop in kind old Betsy's yard for an old-fashioned ——.
11. Nancy, press vinegar on your aching brow instead of a wreath of ——.
12. "Upidee-i-dee-i-da" is your favorite song and your favorite flower a ——.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

151. Letter Puzzle.

I O U A V. I owe you a five.

152. Cities Within Cities.

1. Berlin in Oberlin. 2. Chester in Manchester. 3. Ashville in Nashville. 4. Dover in Andover. 5. Jackson in Jacksonville. 6. York in New York. 7. Ogden in Ogdensburg. 8. Albany in New Albany.

153. Reversed Magic Square.

3	4	7
8	5	9
4	6	1

154. Pied Words.

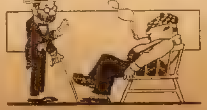
1. Companion. 2. Mississippi. 3. Wordsworth.

Hard to Please.

"What is your dog's name?"

"I don't know yet," replied the patient man. "I am still experimenting. I have tried nearly all the dog names I can think of and he doesn't answer to any of them."

◆



Nervuss—"Have you a very quiet horse? It must be like a lamb—neither kick nor shy and not go too fast."

Stableman—"Certainly, mister. Which [illegible] or a rocking horse?"

◆

While Digging Out.

War Correspondent Raymond Carroll was dining in a Paris restaurant with a novelist who had been to the front.

"I went to the front," the novelist said, "to write while under fire, a full and graphic description of a battle."

"Did you succeed in your task?" Mr. Carroll asked.

"Well," said the novelist, "the fire got very hot and dangerous and I had to dig out before I—before I quite——"

"I see," said Mr. Carroll. "Instead of a full description of the battle you made a few running notes."

◆

Force of Habit.

While in a certain government office recently Sir Evan Jones, the British transport board chairman, overheard the following dialogue between two fair typewriter tappers: "Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?" "Rather! Why, I typed so many letters yesterday that last night I finished my prayers with 'yours truly.'"

◆

Would Depopulate the World.

Little Jack Smith's Sunday school teacher, after a lesson on Ananias and Sapphira, asked, "Why is not everybody who tells a lie struck dead?"

Little Jack answered gravely: "'Cause there wouldn't be anybody left."

Still Wary.

A city man tells this story of a well-known financier, noted alike for his perspicacity and his closefistedness.

Two company promoters once called on him to try to arouse his interest in a certain scheme of theirs. They talked to him about an hour. Then they took their leave.

"I believe we've got him," said the first promoter hopefully.

"I don't know," said the other. "He seems very suspicious."

"Suspicious?" echoed the first. "What makes you think he is suspicious?"

"Didn't you notice," was the reply, "how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?"

◆

Drawing Card.

A laboring man was driving an ass to Bantry on a market day. The donkey began to sulk and back into the dyke. A gentleman and local justice happened to be coming on behind in [illegible]

"Well, my man, what's wrong with your ass that he won't draw?"

"Oh, your honor, sir," said the laborer, "but he does draw."

"How so, my good man, what does he draw?"

"Why, your worship, he draws the attention of every donkey that passes."

◆

Natural.

Little Frederick went with an aunt thru the cemetery. Upon his return home he went to his father and said: "Father, I went for a walk with auntie thru the cemetery today and we read the inscriptions on the tombstones."

"And what were your thoughts, my son, after you had done so?" asked the father.

"Well, father," replied the child, seriously, "I wondered where all the wicked people were buried."—Life.

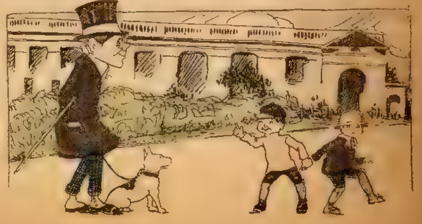
◆

Knew Him Well.

Two farm hands in a leisure moment were discussing the affairs of the farm and its somewhat surly owner.

"Yes," said the first, "I reckon the horses what I've got charge of is as intelligent as any you'd find around here. Know all what I say to 'em, they do. You know the boss says that when he was a boy on this farm they had a mule that was just like one of the family."

"Dare say," retorted the other, "and I know which one."



Gentleman—"If I had 10 cents and gave you and your brother 5 apiece, what would you each have?"

Willie—"Dat's easy. Me brother'd have a black eye and I'd have de 10 cents. I can lick him easy."

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GENTLE JABS

Father Time is the man of the hour.

Too many men reckon time by pay days.

Time is but a narrow ruffle on the edge of eternity.

A bright man usually looks on the bright side of life.

The best talkers are those who know when to stop.

When actors ride it's a sign that the ghost has walked.

A genius is a man who is able to get along without work.

Judge a man's success by the method he used in succeeding.

The boat rocker on the sea of matrimony deserves his fate.

Shorter hours for the bakers may not mean shorter pie crust.

You may have observed that the oldest inhabitant is never a woman.

While the dance goes on the awkward man gets there with both feet.

Most men would rather give good advice away than keep it themselves.

It's hard to work, but it's harder to be unable to get work when you want it.

A woman cares nothing about a man's first love if she is sure of being his last.

Any married man can have his way about the house by agreeing with his wife.

Too many men seem to have forgotten that their wives were once their sweethearts.

If a man's mind is ever filled with burning thoughts it's when he pays the gas bill.

The man who gives your hand a cordial shake either has a full heart or an empty purse.

An Irishman says a physician is a man who kills you today to save you from dying tomorrow.

During the courtship it is a case of suspense with the girl, and a case of expense with the youth.

From the landlord's point of view the man with a large family of small children is a flat failure.

A woman always figures on what she could buy with the money her husband fools away with cigars.

All the world's a stage upon which each actor plays his part—after which he occupies a private box.

A man is bound to follow his wife's advice once, if only for the purpose of reminding her of it in later years.

It's an easy matter to gauge a man's wisdom. Draw him into a discussion and if he agrees with you he is sensible.

Of course it was some vinegar-visaged old bachelor who said that women were eligible for membership in the painters' union.

THE EDITOR HAS HIS SAY

NEXT week you will get the Christmas issue of the Chicago Ledger. When the time came to plan out that number—you know we editors work far in advance in getting the material together for a fiction magazine—there arose the problem of what kind of a story should be featured. We had several Christmas stories under consideration. All of them were good in their way and all of them were different. Finally choice fell upon a story written by Alvah Milton Kerr. Undoubtedly it is the best short story he ever wrote. It is gripping, tense, full of human interest and it deals with real people. "Here is a real Ledger story, one that would be a hit at any time and specially good this year at Christmas," was the decision we reached. So next week you will have the opportunity to read "The Branded Man's Christmas" and we know you will like it immensely. In the same issue we will have another short story which is seasonal. It is the story of a man who had lost the Christmas spirit. "I hate Christmas," he said when it was brought to his mind. He was one of those men who believed in the old-time Christmas, who saw in the Christmas of today only a helter-skelter exchange of presents, with selfishness back of every observance of the day. Perhaps you, too have seen it in that light. Are you right? The man in the story, "Jabez White and the Christmas Spirit," reflects a great deal of the spirit of today regarding the fine old custom of making Christmas merry. Is that spirit the real one of most people? Read this story and see what you think.

WE CAN announce now the first of a string of splendid serials which will appear in the Ledger during 1919. It will start in the Ledger dated January 4 and we promise you that it will hold you closer than any similar story you ever read. It is "The Island of Regeneration," by Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, a minister who discovered he was clever with the pen and turned to literature from the pulpit. Do you remember the serial "Into the Primitive" which we ran several months ago and which many of you liked well enough to write about it to the editor? "The Island of Regeneration" is similar but entirely different in its treatment. A man, cast upon an island, becomes what man was ages ago, a savage, because he had lost all touch of civilization. Then he is thrown in contact with a woman—cultured, beautiful, sensible—a castaway like himself. What would be the result? Would she, too, lose the veneer of civilization and become a savage like him or would [illegible] civilization, as represented by her, triumph over what he had become and restore him to the man he once was? The story answers that question. It is daring, but true to life and we know you will find it absorbing.

THE editor and his assistants have just completed the purchase of most of the short stories which will be published this winter. There were hundreds submitted by authors of all kinds and the selection was a difficult task. But we believe that we obtained the best variety of stories it ever has been our luck to buy. It would indeed be hard to find a taste in stories which the Ledger will not be able to satisfy. Mystery, detective, adventure, love, humorous and tragic—they will all be represented by the best of their kind. Publication of a magazine is growing more and more of a job each day. The taste in reading changes almost as often as the style in clothes. What is a splendid story this month next month would not be a success because people had ceased to care for that class of story. Do you recall when people preferred to read stories full of sad things, when the hero and heroine were separated in the last chapter and the story closed with their hearts breaking and their eyes weeping? How long do you suppose an editor would last nowadays if he printed such morbid stuff? No, those sad tales are barred now. Still, tomorrow people might like to read them again. You never can tell.

AN EXPERT on fiction, a man whose business requires that he keep constantly informed on what people are reading or likely to read, has just returned from a trip which included visits to a large number of editors and publishers, with whom he discussed the question of what kind of stories will be in demand now. He came into the office the other day and devoted some time to going over the stories which the Ledger plans to publish. "You have a splendid assortment of material," he said. "An editor who can get together such a good bunch of stories has every right to expect to sit back and watch his readers go to them." It is up to our readers to prove that he is right and the expert which reputation makes him.

The Editor.

The Homicidal Mania of Dan Cupid.

Camp Point.—The wedding bells are going to ring right soon, and this time in the west end. The little blind fellow is sending his shafts in all directions, and some are striking the girls and boys, and some the old girls and the old boys, but what's the difference so none fly wide of the mark? Maud Muller is still raking hay, but from all appearances the crop will soon be gathered, and then the wedding bells will begin to ring some more.—Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

FROM YOUR HOME TOWN

As It Should Be.

You will not be amazed to learn that Iona Darling lives in Spooner, Minn.

Breaking Good.

I. N. Pair came in yesterday and paid for The Banner.—Columbia (Ark.) Banner.

Sounds a Bit Jappy.

Harry Cary spent Monday at the parental Cary home.—Keokuk County (Iowa) News.

As We Suspected.

The secretary of the Pyramid Grate Bar Co., Iron Founders, New York, is O. S. Ironmonger.

Sex of One and Half a Dozen of the Other.

"WANTED—A colored girl for bell boy at the St. Denis Hotel."—Columbus (Ind.) Republican.

It followed, as the night the day, that Virgil Razor and Louise Cheek should look and love. And so they were married in Louisville.

Followed by a Grand Row.

The report of the wedding was a grand mistake—Cane Creek Correspondent of the De Queen (Ark.) Bee.

The Easy-mark Burg.

Wanted—Lady agents; agents wanted to work Quincy; $5 daily easily made.—Ad in the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

A Correct Description.

"Congressman Browne's speech is informative and full of information on the subject."—Madison (Wis.) Capital Times.

Not for the Pupils.

"With the exception of the schools, amusement places in Mt. Pleasant have been closed."—Jackson (Mich.) Citizen-Patriot.

Why the Editor Starts at the Least Sound.

Ed Hudson, sin of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hudson of this place, has been wounded in action in France.—Rock Island (Ill.) Union.

We Got It.

Does it or does it not mean anything to you Nokassa barber shop 104 Main street Greenville S. C. run by J Rasor Wire reply. SAM HILL.

Crowded Quarters.

George Reaves and family left Friday for Mississippi County in their flivver, where they will live.—Clay Correspondent of the Pangburn (Ark.) News.

Why the Hush?

George Jerred and Miss Howlett were quietly married last Saturday by Rev. C. E. Richards at the Congregational parsonage.—White River (S. D.) News.

Medical Candor.

T. B. Lanier returned from Tampa Monday, where he went to have his blood tested, and the doctor told him he didn't have any to test.—Tavares (Fla.) Herald.

The Round-up.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cattle of Simcoe, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cattle of Woodstock were guests of Miss Mabel Cattle.—From the Simcoe (Ont.) Reformer.

With the Notables.

Mr. and Mrs. Gunderson and Mr. and Mrs. Thorie Stein motored to Paw Paw Tuesday evening. Mrs. Stein received a new set of teeth on that evening.—Dixon (Ill.) Leader.

Why the Editor Left Town.

Hardy Claycomb is confined to his home with the Spanish influenza. Miss Minne Luft is also confined to his bed with the epidemic.—From the Monmouth (Ill.) Atlas.

Is It a Wildcat?

Mack Kisse came back from a courting trip on Field Creek Sunday morning, looking all raveled out, but still in the ring.—Correspondent of the Mammoth Springs (Ark.) Sun.

His Chance for Promotion Is Over.

Stewart Heberling, a former well known Marion boy, is now lieutenant in the American Army in France, making a splendid record, and if the war continues will soon be promoted.—From the Marion (Iowa) Register.

Trimmed for Alimony.

Bertha D. Wick has filed an answer and cross-petition denying allegations named in a petition filed by Alvin H. Wick, Jr. She asks for a decree of divorce, restoration of her former name, Bertha Lamp, and alimony.—Omaha (Neb.) Bee.

The Ape of the Glittering Eye

By Albert Dorrington

They talk of the astute Chinese but not even they can surpass the trickiness of the little brown man as illustrated in this story of a missing diamond.

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HER black funnel smoke oozed over the sea line shredding the windless expanse from cape to cape. Captain William Hayes loafing on the veranda of the Sourabaya Hotel, watched her lazily thru his powerful binoculars until her snoring length was well inside the bay. Her sides were brown and rust-eaten where sun and sea had scoured the naked iron. A dozen Indian coolies were gathered on her forecastle spying out the small island village scarce visible thru the dense palm woods.

The buccaneer regarded her suspiciously, her greasy, cargo-littered decks and smoke-grimed funnel, the naked turbaned shapes squatting on the rails and hatches.

"Nose on her like a beast-boat," he growled. "Guess she's put in for repairs or a set of new boilers. Got an Indian plague smell about her, too!"

The rattle of her anchor chains brought small groups of men from the outlying trade house verandas, discussing in loud voices the strange ship which had come upon them so suddenly from the northeast. Several island traders nodded to Hayes as they hurried past to the beach, for in that lone region every one desired to be on peaceful terms with the man who had made his name a terror from the Line Islands to the Marquessas.

"Big tramp out dere, Hayes!" shouted a passing German. "She ees down from Rangoon, I hears. She haf no cargo vort mentionin'

"Guess she can load here with alligators if she lik[illegible] laughed the buccaneer. "I'd like to fill her with pearl and sell her in Shanghai. It's three years since I borrowed anything over two thousand ton[illegible]

Ten minutes later a boat with the captain of the steamer on board, put off for the shore. Hayes watched him hurry down the landing jetty, the roll of the sea in his gait, his eyes wandering inquisitively from the beach to the hotel veranda. Halting at the jetty end he addressed a half-naked pearl-sheller loafing near a pile of nets.

"Seaman by name of Hayes I'm after," he said huskily. "My people said I'd find him hereabouts.

"That big man lying in the silk hammock is Hayes." The sheller indicated [illegible]tel briefly. "And don't wake [illegible] too sudden if he's asleep [illegible] nickel-plated bulldog in his pocket.

"Aye aye sonny; his gun won't bite me I hope." The skipper of the tramp steamer passed toward the hotel and saluted the buccaneer deferentially

"Cap'n William Hayes, I believe? he began smiling blandl

"If the name was on a ten thousand dollar bill it wouldn't be worth much," snapped the buccaneer. "Is your business connected with drinks or with the police?" he asked sourly.

"My name is Ambrose," laughed the other. "I came out of my way to deliver a package to William Hayes, master of the schooner Daphne. The package was consigned by a gentleman named Sedar Singh, of Hindu habits, living in a one-[illegible] port in the Bay of Bengal. [illegible]s letter of advice."

Hayes took the note and scanned the misspelled address curiously 'You haven't told me what the package contains." he said sharply. "Sedar Singh doesn't owe me anything.'

Captain Ambrose wiped his brow and glanced nervously at the narrow-[illegible] cargo tramp across the bay. "I [illegible] to have told you," he said in an underbreath, "that the package contains a live black monkey. I was paid handsomely to deliver it to you at thi[illegible] [illegible]iling. I was ordered [illegible]

[illegible] dark [illegible] monkey-send[illegible] he broke out [illegible] to shelter the man who started [illegible]

Glancing at the [illegible] he read it slowly, and his face relaxed a trifle: the livid bullet-scar on his left [illegible]eek seemed to vanish in the creases of his sun-blackened skin.

"Sahib Hayes," it ran, "I want you to do me a little service. Draft inside letter for £200 to cover your expenses. I pray you deliver the sacred monkey, Han, to my brother, who is well known at the Quay, in Sydney. Your small schooner is much better for the purpose than a big steamship, and will save me big expense. I am too sick to travel. Han belonged to my uncle at Benares, who was a priest of Siva—he conducted the worship of sacred animals within the shrine of Huniman. My uncle died last year and he desired me to send Han to my brother, as a token of his love Do this favor for me, Sahib Hayes, because I helped . . . when trouble and the police were at your elbow.

"SEDAR SINGH."

The buccaneer scrutinized the draft closely, then with a laugh turned to the waiting Ambrose. "Sedar Singh isn't figuring as a humorist this time. So we'll forgive him the monkey on account of the draft."

Captain Ambrose squared his shoulders and breathed like one in a hurry to be gone. "Give me your receipt of delivery, and I'll get my anchor," he said briefly. "Here's the coolie in charge of the monkey. He'll be derned glad to be rid of the brute, I reckon. Gave us a devil of a time

A Manilla boy appeared on the jetty [illegible] cage on his shoulder [illegible] he bore it to wh[illegible] schooner Daphne lay some distanc[illegible] the pier. Four Kanakas [illegible] Howe, were idling about the [illegible] as the boy approached they leaned over the rail, staring at the black-faced simian squatting inside the cage.

[illegible] thought Hayes was a bit [illegible] said Howe wrathfully. "Monkeys [illegible] all things; he'll be shipping car[illegible] of tame devils next."

Night found the schooner running to[illegible] the outside reefs before a stiff [illegible]ter. Hayes, with a bottle of "square-face" beside him, was brooding [illegible] chart in his cabin.

[illegible] mate peeped in at the door, hurriedly; his face was deadly pale, his knees trembled violently. "Cap'n," he whispered, "there's somethin' movin' about the schooner, somethin' with a heye that looks clean thru ye. It's the heye of a ghost, cap'n."

Hayes looked up from the chart quickly, and frowned. "Get on with your work, my lad, and don't fill the schooner with your ghost yarns, or those Kanakas of mine will be jumping overboard. Try an onion before you turn in. It will keep the ghost at a distance."

'Cap'n," quavered the mate, "there's a heye sittin' on the schooner's rail; a white heye with a face behind it."

Pushing the mate aside, the buccaneer stepped on deck, and halted stiffly. Then he crouched low, while his hair stiffened, and his throat grew dry.

A squat shape was clinging to the schooner's rail, its face lit up by a moonlike nimbus that glowed alternately, emitting yolks of amber flame. Hayes lifted his pistol hand as the thing snarled, and leaped across the deck.

"The monkey," he snapped, "how did it get out?" He wiped the sweat from his brow hurriedly. "How——'

A Kanaka sprang in the a[illegible] and bolted, screaming, below [illegible] knelt on the deck, his pis[illegible] and waited. He was not a super[illegible] man, but the sight of the ape, with the burning face, almost unnerved him.

"Don't want any jadoo monkeys on my schooner," he muttered irritably. "The stuff I drink will supply the right kind of face every time."

The monkey was not seen again that night, but during the middle watch on the following day the buccaneer came upon it dozing under a piece of canvas near the stairhead. At the first movement it sprang [illegible] ing to the crossti[illegible]

Few men would [illegible] Hayes a coward, but [illegible] enemies could have [illegible] trip to Sydney, shive[illegible] sight of the fiery face that [illegible] him from the yards, his reputation as a man-fighter and buccaneer would have suffered considerably

But Hayes brought the schooner into Port Jackson in holiday style. The ape had been captured and caged after endless days of watching and scheming. It was a sultry night as they entered the harbor. An occasional fishing boat swung past the schooner, as she stole to her old moorings at Dawes Point

Hayes was eager to be rid of his simian passenger, and he promised himself a new outfit as soon as Sedar Singh's draft had been cashed

"You'd better take the monkey ashore in the dingy, Mr. Howe," he said to the mate. "Any one will [illegible]ow you Hydra's shop. Don't drop the derned animal overboard, or something might happen at the bank, when I'm cashing the draft.'

[illegible]ye aye, cap'n." Holding the cage at [illegible] length, the mate stepped into the [illegible] and pulled swiftly towards the Quay. Hayes gave a grunt of relief as the boat vanished in the maze of light and moving craft.

At that time the police had no specific charge against him, and, whistling cheerily, he leaned over the rail and counted the steeple-like masts silhoueted against the star-washed sky.

A small boat shot alongside suddenly, and the voice of an old Pacific trader hailed him from the port side.

"Good-night, Captain Hayes! Anybody aboard'

The buccaneer peered into darkness, and saw a sharp-faced man in white duck clothes looking up at him. There was no one else in the boat.

"Hulloa, Jensen! Met you in 'Frisco, didn't I? How's the missus and kids, Jensen?"

"Well enough, Bully. I'm glad you're here," answered the other unsteadily. "Been keeping a sharp look-out for you the last week."

"Your face is sharp enough to cut blue ice," laughed the buccaneer. "Don't wear it out looking for me, Jensen," he added huskily.

No time to joke, Hayes. Is the monkey all right? I got the tip from Calcutta."

The buccaneer leaned with studied elegance against the schooner rail, and glowered at the speaker below. "You got the tip, eh, Mr. Jensen? I'd be glad to hear what that tip might be."

Jensen placed his hand against the schooner's side and breathed excitedly. Something in his fierce impatience warned the buccaneer not to trifle further.

"Hayes," his voice had grown sharp, almost hysterical, in its pleading, "it's the biggest thing that ever jumped from a native's brain. The Calcutta papers blew the gaff a month ago. I heard the news from a Lascar seaman on the P. and O. wharf. There isn't a man in India or Australia besides Sedar's brother who knows the truth about the monkey."

"S[illegible]e here!" interupted the buccaneer sharply, "don't monkey me on a dark night. Speak out!"

"Is the ape still on board?"

"No, I sent it to its owner an hour [illegible]

[illegible] The man in the boat sat back gritting his teeth in suppressed fury. "Another chance gone. Oh, what a holy mess you've made of it!"

"Speak out!" thundered Hayes. "What are you jabbering over?"

Jensen was seized with a violent fit of coughing. A minute passed before he straightened his narr[illegible]houlder

[illegible] know that [illegible] have reported the theft of the Whit[illegible] Mogul diamond from a temple at Ud[illegible]rapore, by a native named Sedar Singh late of Sydney and Samoa?"

"Go on," nodded Hayes. "Didn't think Sedar was smart enough to steal a dead prawn."

"He was arrested," continued Jensen hastily, "but there was no evidence to convict him, and he was released. A close watch was kept on his movements night and day. He lived in a bungalow under the fort gate on the Surimpur road within a hundred yards of the temple. He had no friends or relatives, nothing but the one-eyed monkey."

"Two-eyed," corrected the buccaneer. [illegible]ick to facts, man."

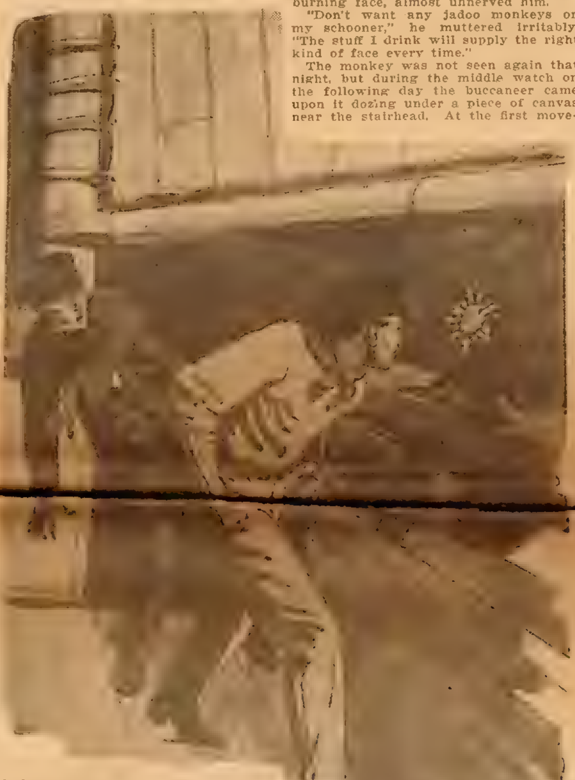
One eye, Hayes, as you shall hear. This Sedar Singh was a taxidermist and made a good living, at one time, stuffing birds and animals. How he got into [illegible] temple beats me. The big diamond was missing on June 20. It was chiseled from the head of the White Mogul, and for five days the priests kept the affair [illegible] secret, hoping to trap Sedar Singh [illegible]oment he tried to pass the jewel [illegible]ery one knew that he had been employed by the priests to decorate the Mogul throne with feathers and skins of animals. On June 25 Sedar was arrested privately by the priests, and tortured in his own house.

"They applied hot plates to his insteps, and filled his mouth and ears with [illegible] acid until the police dropped in and prevented further torture. For weeks after Sedar was watched by thugs and religious fanatics who were [illegible]dy to strangle him the moment he tried to pass on the Mogul diamond thru the post, or by way of a friend. That bit of stone, I might tell you, is valued at two hundred thousand dollars.

"The ape—where does it come in?" interrupted Hayes impatiently.

"There was no chance of Sedar sneaking out of India alive with the stone, continued Jensen. "Transmission by [illegible]iend was out of the question. [illegible] had him watched night and day. The fakirs in the bazars knew him for a temple breaker. Every one in Udrapore laughed and waited. It takes a Hindu to deal with a Hindu, but eve[illegible] they get left some times.

"One night Sedar strolled down to the wharf where Captain Ambrose's vessel was loading cargo for Batavia. He knew Ambrose slightly, and, as he stepped aboard, it was noticed by the native who followed him, that a black monkey ran beside him, and sta[illegible] aboard, Ambrose passed the animal [illegible]



A Squat Shape Was Clinging to the Schooner's Rail, Its Face Lit Up by a M[illegible]e Nimbus.

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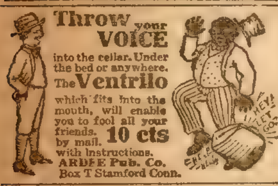

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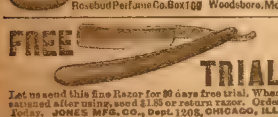

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[illegible] Shoe

you Thursday. You know the rest," said Jensen quickly.

"Guess I don't!" snapped Hayes peevishly. "Where is the diamond? And what had the ape to do with it, anyhow?"

Jensen pressed his brow with both hands as tho his thoughts were beginning to swim and dance thru his head.

"Great Scot!" he shouted hoarsely. "I mistook you for a needle-pointed buccaneer. Hayes, Hayes," he said wearily, "why did you let the animal leave the schooner? Sedar Singh covered the big diamond with cat's eye enamel, and set it with the skill of a specialist into the ape's socket—just as you'd set an ordinary eye into the head of a man or woman. Then he passed the monkey on [illegible] Ambrose to you. See!"

The buccaneer made no answer. In a moment he was beside Jensen in the boat. "Pull," he said fiercely; "we'll have another look at this diamond-ape."

The lights of the town showed dimly across the harbor as the boat stole to the pier steps. Voices from the near streets broke in a strange babel upon the ears of the man who had come from the silent spaces of the Pacific. Passing hurriedly from the pier, they came suddenly into one of the main arteries of the city. The buccaneer halted, suddenly attracted by a jeering crowd of larrikins at the opposite street corner, and the familiar figure of his mate Howe brandishing the empty monkey cage in their midst.

The gang of hoodlums broke into shrieks of laughter at the torrent of abuse hurled upon them by the excited seaman with the cage. Hayes divined in a flash that something serious had happened. Followed by Jensen, he pushed thru the crowd and hauled the mate aside.

"Come away," he said fiercely, "and tell what has happened."

Howe faced him half drunkenly, and it was plain that he had spent most of his time ashore within some liquor house. There were lights in his eyes; his red, wind-burnt face glowed like a lamp.

"No fault of mine, cap'n." He held up the empty cage as tho it was a trophy. "You gave me the Hindu's wrong address. An' these larrikins rushed me, an' unfastened the cage while——"

"Where's the ape?" thundered Hayes, hauling him further from the crowd. "What has become of it?"

"Took to the roof the minute the crowd opened the cage door. I broke a lot of winders down the road tryin' to indooce the blame creature to come back. The fire brigade came along an' blew it off the roof of the lock-up with a hose. An' the police took possession of the monkey. I s'pose I'd better go up an' claim it."

"Well, why don't you claim it!" roared Hayes.

The mate coughed sulkily. "They'll make me pay for those derned winders if I do. Try 'em yourself, cap'n. You're responsible for the animal."

The lights of the distant police depot were visible from where they stood. Sending the mate back to the schooner, Hayes carefully approached the depot until he stood within a few feet of the entrance.

With Sedar Singh's letter in his pocket, authorizing him to deliver the ape to Hydra Singh, in Sydney, he felt certain that the police would not prevent his recovering the lost simian. Fumbling for the letter among a bundle of loose papers in his breast pocket, he turned for a moment and drew back into the shadows, as tho a ghost had walked across his line of vision. Two Hindus came from the lock-up, and passed swiftly in the direction of the city.

Hayes gasped as the two turbaned figures slunk out of sight. "That fellow with the blue headgear is Hydra Singh!" he choked. "What in thunder was he doing inside the lock-up?"

"Interviewing the officer in charge, perhaps," suggested Jensen. "He must have received a cablegram from his brother in India advising him of your arrival. Beats me how these Hindus pick up the thread of a thing. Funny, eh?"

"Neither of them had the monkey, anyhow."

The buccaneer pondered for several moments near the pavement edge as tho the sudden appearance of Hydra Singh had unnerved him. It occurred to him dimly that his movements had been shadowed since the moment his schooner entered the harbor. Howe had been followed, no doubt, by some of Hydra's servants who had witnessed the attack on the mate by the larrikin gang, together with the ape's flight to the roof of the lock-up. Some one had informed the watchful Hindu, who was hourly expecting the arrival of the little black ape from India; and Hayes felt certain that the police had refused to deliver the animal to Hydra, or his companion.

Entering the lock-up suddenly, the buccaneer almost collided with a young Irish policeman hurrying down the passage. A swift apology from Hayes followed, but the officer of the law glared a trifle indignantly at the big seafaring man who rolled like a ship in a gale.

"Ye seem in a hurry to tread on people's toes," he said gruffly. "Maybe yez mistook this place for a fighting saloon."

"I mistook it for a garden where civil policemen grow," laughed the buccaneer good-humoredly.

"'Tis a garden iv thieves ye've walked into, me man. Phwat's your business, may I ask?"

"The monkey you've got locked up, and the two Hindu gentlemen who walked out of here a minute ago."

"Hindu hooligans! 'Tis a month's hard labor one iv them deserves for callin' me names an' tearin' me uniform a while ago."

"Oh!"

Hayes pondered briefly while a thought flashed thru his mind that left him cold and ill at ease. Then his glance fell upon the hot-tempered young policeman.

"Did he tear your uniform when you wouldn't hand over the monkey after it had been driven off the roof?" he asked.

"There was no question av apes or monkeys betune me an' the coolie blackguard whin he struck me outside here. I hov witnesses to prove ut. Meeself an' Callaghan arrested him afther a desprit sthruggle. But there was no question av monkeys, sorr. 'Twas for throwin' mud on me uniform, an' callin' me names I arrested Hydra Singh."

"I'm a friend of Hydra Singh," interjected Hayes. "I saw him quit here a minute ago. He has been released on bail I presume?"

"He was a while ago."

A sergeant appeared from an office at the end of the stone passage, a grizzled old man with lynx eyes and a torpedo-shaped beard. He stood, pen in hand, regarding the buccaneer closely.

"We have a black ape in custody," he said in a strangely even tone. "Do you claim it as your property?" he demanded shrewdly.

"I am merely the ape's guardian with orders to deliver it to a certain gentleman in Sydney. My first officer was commissioned to bring it ashore. And I'm afraid he bungled the job," explained Hayes. "I thought it strange," he went on, "to see the ape's rightful owner walking out of the lock-up without taking the animal with him."

The sergeant looked puzzled and addressed himself in an undertone to the palpitating young constable. A few hurried questions and answers passed between them before the sergeant again turned to the buccaneer.

"The fact is," he began, glancing at Hayes under his thick gray brows, "we felt it necessary to keep the ape out of harm's way until its owner arrived. It gave us a lot of trouble, and nearly caused a riot in the Chinese quarter of the town. It was brought in here by Constable Callaghan and a fireman. We were not provided with a cage, so," he paused and smiled as an afterthought, "we put it into our only available cell."

"Then I claim it," said Hayes brusquely. "Here's the letter of advice sent to me by Sedar Singh of Udrapore. I will pay all damages in connection with the ape's capture. It is only fair that I should deliver it to its rightful owner, seeing that I've been well paid for doing so."

He handed Sedar Singh's letter to the bewildered sergeant, feeling certain now that nothing short of a miracle could keep the diamond-ape from him. Glancing over the letter carefully the sergeant nodded briefly to the red-faced young policeman.

The buccaneer could scarcely maintain his self-control as he stepped gingerly down the passage in the officer's wake. Halting at the cell door, the constable turned a grinning face to the buccaneer—his naturally good humor appeared to be overcoming him by degrees.

"The coolie man Hydra was put in here along wid the little monkey," he ventured as the cell door swung open. "There bein' small accommodation these times for blackguards and wife-beaters."

"Put Hydra Singh in here with the ape!" choked Hayes. "I guess you conduct things a bit off-hand in these parts."

"There are three white men in the other cell, an' we could not put a black man in with thim," was the retort. "'Tis the law iv the counthry all the same. An' there bein' only two cells in the lock-up, we had small choice betune the coolie an' the black ape, sorr."

The gas jet from the passage lit up the narrow cell revealing two clean scrubbed bunks on the left-hand side of the doorway. Entering, the young constable indicated the silken-haired ape huddled in a far corner of the top bunk.

"'Tis not meself that cares to handle such things," he said loudly. "The bite av a monkey is worse than poison."

Hayes, with the blood surging from his heart at the thought of the White Mogul diamond, reached for the huddled figure of the ape. Raising it he peered into the silent face and dropped it with a snarl of disgust. "The blamed Hindu strangled it, and took out the diamond eye!" he shouted to Jensen in the passage. "What a holy fraud!"

"Ye'll take the dead monkey from here anyway," insisted the young policeman. "An' what d'yez mane by doimond eyes an' the loike?" he demanded.

Hayes did not wait to argue the point; dashing from the lock-up with Jensen at his heels he hurried down the crowded street in the direction of the wharf.

One thought remained clear in his mind. Hydra Singh had deliberately brought about his own arrest in the frantic hope of being able to see or handle, even for a moment, the elusive diamond-ape. His color and nationality had caused him to be placed, for a while, in the one cell available for Chinamen, Hindus and other aliens. Within twenty minutes of his arrest, a wealthy compatriot had bailed him out, thus eluding Hayes by a matter of a few seconds.

At the wharf Hayes nodded a sullen good-night to Jensen. "I've still got Sedar's draft for £200," he said gloomily. "I ought to be satisfied, perhaps."

"We're no match for people who can get into a lock-up and bring away a two hundred thousand dollar diamond!" cried Jensen savagely. "There was too much electricity about Hydra's feet. And there's no two hundred pound draft to soften my feelings. Good night, Hayes, and remember me next time you are looking along the barrel of your rifle at a brown man."

And Jensen melted into the gloom that enveloped his own boat.

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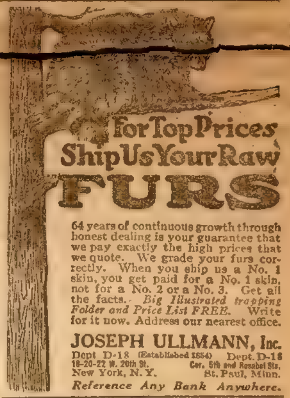

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Economy in the Kitchen

Sweet Potato Dainties for Dinner

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

SWEET potatoes are both economical and good to eat, and for the holiday dinner there is no vegetable which is better liked. With sweet potatoes served with the main course of the meal, there is less necessity for having a dessert which uses a great deal of sugar.

Sweet potatoes mix well with flour in bread making. Try out the sweet potato breads. In making yeast bread the sweet potato recipes given below call for milk and eggs and so are not cheap. Use these fancy breads for company meals or Sunday morning breakfast.

Besides, there are some desserts which can be made with sweet potatoes, and these are well worth taking into account. A number of tried recipes which will satisfy the most fastidious person are listed below. They all employ sweet potatoes as a base. Try them for your Sunday dinner, and see how good they are:

SWEET POTATO BISCUIT—4 boiled sweet potatoes, 2 eggs, 2 [illegible] milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt.

Boil and put thru a potato press 4 boiled sweet potatoes. Add milk and beaten eggs. Mix the dry ingredients and add to the batter. If necessary add more flour, enough to [illegible] soft dough. Roll out on board, cut out with biscuit cutter and bake in quick oven.

SWEET POTATO MUFFINS—Put thru the potato press 1 large sweet potato. Add 1 tablespoon of fat and a little salt. Whip potato light and add ½ cup of milk, 2 well-beaten eggs and enough flour to make a soft batter, about 2 cups, with 1 teaspoon of baking powder sifted into it. Bake in greased muffin tins. Chicken hash makes a delightful accompaniment for these muffins or the potato biscuit.

SCALLOPED SWEET POTATOES (Two styles)—Slice parboiled potatoes very thin, put a thick layer in the bottom of a baking dish, cover with a layer of onion, season with [illegible], with a layer of potato, dot with butter, fill the dish nearly full with milk, and bake until a golden brown.

This is also a sweet [illegible] satisfying dish, to be served with the meat courses.

Place a layer of sweet potato, sliced, in the bottom of a baking dish, on top of this a layer of tart apples pared and sliced. Sprinkle with a little salt and a very little sugar and dot with butter or butter substitute. Now add another layer of the sweet potato, season and pour a half cup of [illegible] over the dish and bake until soft.

SWEET POTATO PONE—Boil sweet potatoes, peel, mash and put thru a sieve. To two cups of the potato add a half cup of cream or rich milk, a full teaspoon of butter or butter substitute, a little lemon flavoring and one beaten egg, a bare tablespoonful of sugar. Now beat all the ingredients until they become light and creamy. Put in a buttered baking dish and bake until it is a golden brown on top.

SWEET POTATO PIE—This is made by cooking, peeling and putting thru a sieve enough sweet potatoes to make a cup and a half of pulp. Add two beaten eggs and the equivalent of two even tablespoonfuls of butter, three-quarters of a cup of milk and a little nutmeg. The old time recipe calls for a half cup of sugar. This may be lessened considerably or you may use white corn sirup, adding it to suit the taste. Beat the ingredients light and then pour in good pie crust and bake as one would a pumpkin pie.

SLICED SWEET POTATOES WITH MEAT—Boil potatoes, peel and slice. Place these around the roast fifteen minutes before removing the meat from the roaster. Baste the potatoes with the gravy several times. Place roast on platter and surround with potatoes and gravy.

Cheese Omelet.

ONE heaping tablespoonful minute tapioca, ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful pepper or paprika, 2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese, ⅛ teaspoonful mustard, 1 cup hot milk, 1½ tablespoonfuls olive oil or other cooking oil, 2 eggs. Cook the minute tapioca, salt, pepper, cheese and mustard in the hot milk for ten minutes, stirring frequently, then add ½ tablespoonful of the oil and the yolks of the eggs beaten until very light. Stir well, remove from the fire and fold into the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Put the remainder of the oil into an omelet pan and when it bubbles pour in the prepared eggs. Gently shake the pan so the omelet will not adhere to it and cook until it is a delicate brown on the bottom, then stand the pan in the oven for a few moments to cook the top. Lightly score the center and fold over. Remove to a hot platter and send to the table at once. Garnish with water cress or parsley.

❧

Potato Dumplings.

PEEL six medium-sized cold-boiled potatoes and grate into a bowl. Now add: 1 small onion grated fine, 1 teaspoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful of pepper, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 egg, 1 cupful of flour. Work to a smooth dough and then form into balls the size of an egg. When all the dumplings are ready, drop them into a saucepan containing two quarts of boiling water. Cook for fifteen minutes and lift with a skimmer to a clean towel to drain. Then place around the [illegible].

❧

Broiled Salt Cod.

USE one and one-fourth pounds center-cut boneless cod. Soak for three hours in cold water to remove the salt. Tie in a piece of cheesecloth, place in a deep saucepan and cover with boiling water. Cook for forty minutes. Drain and place on a hot platter. Then place the potato dumplings around. Cover with thick cream sauce and sprinkle with finely-minced parsley.

❧

Chop Suey.

CUT three-quarters of a pound of pork tenderloin in one-inch pieces. Place five tablespoonfuls of salad oil in a saucepan and add the prepared pork and one cup of finely-chopped onion. Cook gently until onions are tender. Now add one stalk of celery cut in one-inch pieces, one cupful of mushrooms cut in pieces. Serve hot.

❧

Broiled Steak.

CUT the steak into suitable pieces and broil over a coal fire. Dish on a hot platter and spread with ravagotta butter.

Potato Patties.

W[illegible] potato [illegible] butter, salt and pepper, add 1 egg to moisten. If not moist enough add a little milk. Beat together until light, spread on the plate and wet top with a little egg and milk. Brown in oven.

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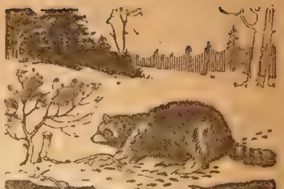

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TO MY CORRESPONDENTS:

So many letters come to this department that it is impossible to answer each and every one of them. However, many of them are similar, and it is hoped that you may find the answer to your particular problem in the reply to one who has written as you have.

Unpleasant Company.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18 in love with a young man of 21 with whom I have been keeping company for eight months. He has given up all the other girls, and has asked me to give up the other boys. Do you think he really loves me? There is a girl in town whom he asks me not to see. Says she's not fit company for me. Nobody here has anything to do with her. She comes to see me all the time, and I never go to see her. How can I get rid of her?

LUCY H.

I believe the boy cares for you. Treat the girl coldly when she comes to see you, and she will soon take the hint.

Married.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 16 and have been married over a year but my parents do not know it. My husband is in France. I have heard that after a girl is married she is of age, whether she is 18 or not. Is that true? Also, if I wish to leave home may I do so without my parents' consent? I am not happy at home because my people are unkind to me. My father does not ill-treat me, but he never does anything to make my life happier. Please let me know what you think.

A. L. D.

My dear child, you had better tell your parents that you are married. You are not of age. Marriage did not make you so. Don't leave home. Your own mother and father are the best friends you have [illegible]. In a few years you will see that it is your own point of view which is wrong.

Present for Soldier.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I have been corresponding with a soldier boy for a few weeks, and as Christmas is coming I should like to send him something. What can you suggest? He is 18. I am 15, near 16. I have brown hair, fair skin and gray-blue eyes. What colors are most becoming? I am going with a young man some four or five weeks, but he told me a tiny falsehood. Should I let it stand in the way?

H. B. S.

Send the boy a box of goodies. You should wear blues, tans, browns, pinks and white. You are really too young to go with boys, but if your mother approves I suppose it is all right. Ask the boy why he told you a falsehood.

About Flirting.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a boy of 18, in love with a girl of about 17, and have no way of getting acquainted with her. Would like to speak to her. What shall I do?

H. F. G.

Don't flirt with her, for if she is the right kind of a girl, she will resent it. On the other hand, if she does not, you don't want to know her. The best thing to do is to find out what church she goes to, and then go there. Sooner or later you will find somebody who will introduce you properly.

Too Young.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl of 15 and am very much interested in a young soldier of 23 years. He calls occasionally but my parents do not approve of him, and treat him very coolly. Should I encourage him against my parents' wishes? As, for instance, writing to him when he leaves?

DOLLY.

You are too young to think about love. Obey your parents and drop the young man.

Fickle Man.

DEAR MISS GREY:

A little over a year ago I met a young man and since have learned to love him sincerely. And he has told me many times that he loves me. Yet last spring before he joined the Army he met another girl living in town and after he left for camp he told me that they were engaged and asked me for the ring he had given me. When he came home on a furlough he came to see me and told me that he loved me but that he loved this other girl more. I gave him up and since then have learned to care for another friend. I don't think I care nearly as much for the second man as I did for the first. What shall I do?

DISAPPOINTED M.

Forget the first man. If you don't love the second, don't marry him, but rest assured that some day you will meet a man whom you really care for and who is worthy of your love.

Without Consent.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 17 and have been going with a sailor for some time. He has asked me to marry him when he returns, which will be in a year or two. He has no bad habits but my parents do not care for him because his family is not very nice. Do you think it would be wrong to get married without my parents' consent.

BELLA.

Yes. Try to persuade your parents that the young man is all right. Perhaps in time you will get them to agree with you.

From France.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I received these words on a post-card from France. What do they mean? "Bonjour, comment allez-vous?" Will it break friendship to give a friend a razor when he asks you to send it to him in France? Have always heard that anything with a sharp point will break friendship.

DOROTHY B.

The translation is: "Good morning, how are you?" No. That is only a silly superstition.

About Age.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 19 years old and engaged to a man of 28. He loves me and wants me to marry him as soon as he gets home from France. Do you think he is too old?

BLACK EYES

No.

Yes, Write.

DEAR MISS GREY:

A year ago I went to work in a mill and met a girl there that I learned to love. I never saw her very much, except at the mill, and after two months' acquaintance she moved to another town. Her friendship for me never advanced much, and I never told her that I loved her. I have learned her address recently and would like to write to her. I don't even know whether she would remember me. Would it be proper to write her? How would you start the letter?

O. H. T.

Yes, write her a friendly note. Address her as "Dear Miss Smith," or whatever her name may be.

To Be Popular.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 16, popular among girls but not with boys. My girl friends are popular, and they have no advantages over me. What can I do to gain popularity?

ANNA.

Don't try. Just be natural. If you are thoughtful of others, and sweet-tempered, everybody will like you. Don't put on airs. It is ridiculous.

Go Back.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young man of 18. I lived in the North woods almost all my life and recently came to the city with my only friend, an Eskimo dog. I cannot make friends here and I have been here for two years. Do you think I should go back to the woods?

A LONELY BOY.

Yes, you are not happy where you are. Best go back to the people who understand and love you.

Not in Love.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18 and have a good many boy friends, but don't know whether or not I am in love. I think a great deal of a certain boy, and like him well when he is with me, but when he is gone I almost forget him. Do you think this is love?

WINIFRED.

No.

About Marrying.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a woman of 35 and I have been going with a man of 45. He has asked me to marry him. Please tell me what to do.

E. S. D.

Do you care for him? Then marry him, of course.

Father Stands in Way.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young man of 31 in love with a girl of 18. She promised to marry me, and now she tells me she doesn't love me. I think her father has power over her, and has told her we could not get along well since we both had dark hair and eyes. What can I do?

C. B. A.

That idea is all nonsense. Speak to her father and come to some understanding.

Yes.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 17 years old and in love with a man of 30. I go to parties and dances with him, without a chaperon. Is it all right? He seems a gentleman in all ways.

ANXIOUS.

Yes, if you conduct yourself like a lady, there is no harm.

Too Young.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young lad of [illegible] and am having many good times with the girls. Could court a girl of my age. Do you think I am too young?

BOY.

Yes, wait until you are quite a bit older.

Yes.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am writing to a soldier stationed in Hawaii, whom I have never met. We have been writing to one another for a year. Would you advise me to send him a present, and if so, what shall I send?

M. F.

Yes, send him a box of candy or goodies.

Marry Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 28 and have been going with a young man of 22. We went together three years, when he joined the Army. He has written to me to marry him and join him at camp. I refused, but he said he expects to have a furlough soon and wants a different answer. Age doesn't make any difference to him, and his parents are anxious for us to get married. Do you think we should not? If so, give your reasons.

UNDECIDED.

Yes, of course, marry the young man if you care for him. The difference in your ages is not too great.

No Letters.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 19 years old and have been keeping company with a boy two years my senior. He has asked me to marry him, but I have promised to wait for a boy who is now in France. I have not heard from him in some time, and therefore think he has forgotten me. Do you think I should wait for him or marry the other?

ANXIOUS

I don't believe that you love either young man. Mails from across the water are often delayed, or perhaps your sweetheart may have met with an accident. Better find out before you make any decision.

Hasty.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 17 and have been corresponding with a soldier with whom I am personally unacquainted. At first he wrote friendly letters, but of late has been writing of love. I can't believe that he loves me. I sent him my photo when he asked for it. Did I do wrong??

TROUBLED.

Not really knowing you, the young man cannot love you. Tell him frankly that you must know him better, and meet him before you can come to any decision. There was no harm in sending your photo.

Father Objects.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young man of 22, keeping company with a girl of 16. Her father objects, saying she is too young for beaux, and he has forbidden me to see her. Her mother does not have any objections to my coming, if I don't stay there too late. What shall I do?

C. C. C.

The girl is too young for beaux. If I were you I should wait two years, and then go back to her.

Don't Flirt.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a boy of 16 and like a girl very much. I do not know this girl to speak to, nor do I know who her

RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION FOR THE KIDNEYS

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger.

Motorman Not Losing Any Time

"I don't think anyone ever suffered more from stomach trouble and bloating than I have. I had to lay off my run more than half the time and could get no help from prescriptions or medicine. One of my friends advised using Mayr's Wonderful Remedy, put up by Geo. H. Mayr, a Chicago chemist, which I found to be the greatest remedy ever put on the earth. I have not lost a day since taking it. It is worth its weight in gold." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Beats Gas or Electricity

New Lamp Has No Wick. No Chimney. No Odor. Most Brilliant Light Known.

A new lamp which experts agree gives the most powerful home light in the world, is the latest achievement of W. H. Hoffstot, 934 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. This remarkable new lamp beats gas or electricity—gives more light than three hundred candles, eighteen ordinary lamps or ten brilliant electric lights, and costs only one cent a night, a blessing to every home on farm or in small town. It is absolutely safe and gives universal satisfaction. A child can carry it. It is the ambition of Mr. Hoffstot to have every home, store, hall or church enjoy the increased comfort of this powerful, pleasing, brilliant, white light and he will send one of his new lamps on free trial to any reader of Boyce's Weeklies who writes him. He wants one person in each locality to whom he can refer new customers. Take advantage of his free offer. Agents wanted. Write him today.—Adv.

STOMACH TROUBLE OR TAPEWORM BANISHED.

Many persons who suffer from stomach trouble really have a tapeworm and don't know it. A guaranteed remedy which has proven to be remarkably effective in expelling tapeworms and giving quick relief in all forms of stomach trouble, is being sent on free trial by the Schoenherr Co., Dept. 100, Milwaukee, Wis. They guarantee it to remove, in less than one hour, any tapeworm with its head. No pain, no dieting, no danger; also, to relieve any form of stomach trouble or it costs nothing. Take advantage of their free trial offer. Write them today.—Adv.

Gray Hair Banished

Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in 2 applications, stops falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write Kolor-Bak Products Co., 68 West Washington St., Dept. 1238 Chicago, for free book and positive proof.—Adv

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case. ***

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 493, Blairsville, Pa.

SHE DARKENED HER GRAY HAIR

Well Known Lady Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair By a Simple Home Made Remedy.

Mrs. E. H. Boots, a well known resident of Buchanan County, Ia., who darkened her gray hair by a simple home-made remedy made the following statement:

"Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy with this simple remedy, which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, one small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently. This is not a dye, it does not color the most delicate scalp; is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a gray haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."

"GET A WITTE"
Direct From Factory
Save $15 to $200
Money Back if Not Satisfied
on my new 90-Day Offer. Three months to decide—Cash or Payments. Sizes 2 to 30 H-P. Burn Kerosene—Stationary, Portable or Saw-Rig. Big saving in Fuel Cost. Easy to operate. Catalog FREE. Write for it today.—ED. H. WITTE, Pres.
WITTE ENGINE WORKS
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BIG OPPORTUNITY Act Quick
Get into business for yourself selling Lange products direct from wagon to home. Old established house with [illegible] medicines, toilet preparations, remedies, etc. [illegible] contract beats others. Lack of competition for war has taken the men. Secure territory quick and catch the trade before the other fellow gets there.
Write today.
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Boys, here's your Christmas bike!
Send no Money
The sensation of the bicycle world! Sold direct from factory to rider at wholesale price. A real wonderful value!
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We give choice of Six Guns (on four easy plans) for selling our Magic Healing WAV-O-LENA at 25c Box. WE TRUST YOU. Order six boxes today—we send promptly, prepaid. Easy to sell—the healing ointment needed in every home. Sell at once, return money, choosing your Gun according to some one of the plans shown in new premium list. 200 other gifts. Big commission if preferred. Extra gift for promptness. Order today.
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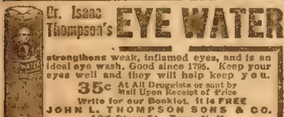
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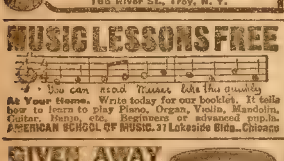
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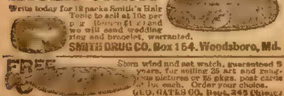
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Write today for 12 packs Smith's Hair Tonic to sell at 10c per pkg. (Return $1.20) and we will send wedding ring and bracelet, warranted.
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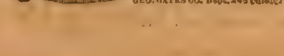
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Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 25 art and religious pictures or 25 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice.
GEO. GATES CO. Dept. 245 Chicago

friends are. What should I do? I should like to get acquainted with her. Is it proper for a boy to ask permission to call on a girl?

BROWN EYES

Don't flirt with the girl. Find out what church she goes to, and try to get acquainted by going there. Yes

May Be Bashful.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl of 20 in love with a young man of 19. He treats me lovely when we are alone, but does not seem to notice me when there are other girls around. Should I be true to him or drop him?

LITTY

The young man may be very bashful, hence does not care to show how much he loves you before others. If he flirts with the other girls speak to him about it, and if he does not stop, give him up.

Any Reason?

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl of 18 in love with a man four years my senior. He does not live in the same town with me. He says he loves me, and has asked me to marry him. In what way can I find out if he really loves me? He has given me several nice presents. I love him dearly, but I am afraid he is trying to trifle with me.

ANXIOUS

What reason have you to doubt him? Has he showed that he cares for other women? If not, why are you doubtful? I can see no reason

---

Living With Mother.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a bride of 23. When I first married my husband took me to live with his mother. We do not get along very well. I have spoken to him about it several times, but he will not set up a home for me. He gives me everything and is kind to me, but refuses to listen to this plea. What shall I do?

B. J.

Insist upon your rights. If your husband has the money to do it, he should give you a home of your own. Tell him that you will not live with his mother any longer

---

Drinking Man.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18, and am engaged to be married to a young man three years my senior. This young man has the bad habit of drinking, and my father saw him drunk for the first time the other day, and has forbidden me to have any more to do with him. Please tell me what to do, as I hate to give him up.

ANXIOUS ONE.

Listen to your father. He is right. Better a little misery now than years of it later.

Fickle.

I am 19 years of age and have been going with a girl two years my junior, who lives some distance from my place. We loved each other very much, but here recently I met a girl that lives nearby, and we have been going out together. I don't care for the other girl any more. What shall I do?

ED. A.

You are fickle. Don't imagine that you love this other girl, either. The most honorable thing to do would be to tell the first girl how you feel, and then not go to see her any more.

Bashful.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a bashful young man of 23, and tho I like the girls very much, am too bashful to go with them. I seem to get all fussed up when I talk to them. Tell me what to do. Would you advise me to marry thru a matrimonial agency?

BASHFUL FRANK.

Don't think about the impression you are making on others. Be natural. Don't you know plenty of girls with whom you might fall in love without seeking in the outside world?

Money vs. Love.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 20 years and have been going with a young man one year my junior. He is highly thought of, and loves me dearly, having often spoken to me of marriage. I come from a family of fair means, while he is poverty-stricken. I can hardly yield myself to such humiliation. His education, too, has been neglected. What shall I do?

ANXIOUS FLO.

You very evidently do not love this young man or you would not let these matters stand in your way. Best drop him and don't continue to make him believe that you care for him. It is unfair.

Lonesome.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl of 16, and have few friends. When I first moved here I went about with a girl who did not have a good name, tho I didn't know it. She was all right until we got better acquainted, but as soon as I found out what she did, I dropped her. Now people speak to me and act all right, but do not seem to want my company. When invited out I do not like to go for fear of spoiling somebody's good time. And I don't like to refuse for fear they will think I feel myself too good for them. I am very quiet. How can I gain more friends?

LONESOME

I think you are too self-conscious. Go out with people and make yourself agreeable. They like you. Don't fancy they don't want you if they go to the trouble of inviting you out. Be friendly and you will make friends

* * *

Lonesome Life.

"IT'S a cold, formal world we live in," remarked the drummer as he inspected the souvenir postals on the rack, "and something should be done about it.

"I must have somebody to talk to, somebody to listen to me especially. And sometimes that one is hard to find. I cannot, according to the rules of etiquette as now interpreted, walk up to the first man I meet and engage him in an engrossing conversation. I am expected to pass him up until some friend of his or mine performs the ceremony of 'Mr. Jones, meet Mr. Jinks.'

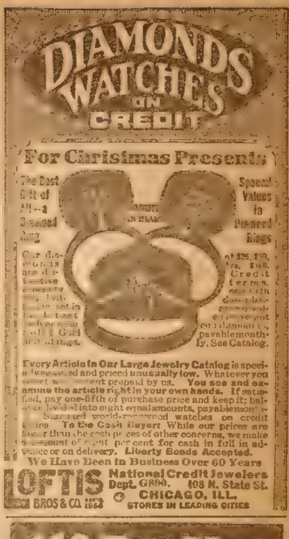
"I won't stand on it or for it. If there is no one around to introduce me I'll do the job myself. When you know how it becomes a very easy matter. And, you will find, the other person is usually as glad to meet you as you are to meet him. So why be strangers?

"After all, this country is a very small place. Just a little over a hundred million of us. If we were a congenial race everybody should know everybody else by his first name. Is there anything sadder than the heart of a New Yorker or a Chicagoan walking down the streets of Los Angeles and knowing nobody?

"And a man who knows all the cobblestones on Market street in Frisco can die of loneliness on Broadway, for all his fellow man cares. The man who comes from the country, the tall grass, the big woods, is not so formal as his city brother. I was on a street car the other day and one of the other passengers was a soil tiller. When he got to his corner he turned around and said: 'Wal, goodby, everybody.'

"Did it take? My friends, everybody in that car put on a broad smile. The sunny intimacy of the old man warmed the cockles in every heart. A woman sitting next to me who had looked as cold and distant as the [illegible] peak from Denver turned to me and said: 'Isn't he the dear old soul?'

"A perfectly strange man across the aisle came over and asked me for the time by my watch. I am positive that if that neighborly rube hadn't broken the ice that strange man would never have felt free enough to make his request. If he had asked for the loan of a five I would have passed it to him on the spot, I felt so in love with the world."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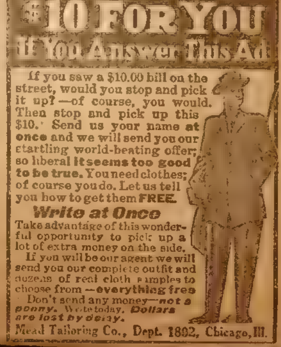
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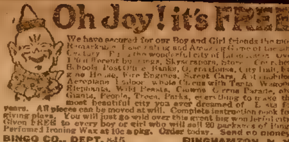
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These Len-Mort work and outdoor shoes are such wonderful value that we gladly send them, no money down. You will find them so well-made and so stylish and such a big money saving bargain that you will surely keep them. So don't hesitate. Just fill out and mail the coupon. We will send a pair of your size. No need for you to pay higher prices when you can buy direct from us—and know what you are getting before you pay even a penny. Why pay out $5.00 and $6.00 for shoes not near so good? Act now. Mail the coupon today while this special offer holds good.
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FIGHTING [illegible]

SENSATIONALLY REALISTIC!!!

Here is a model of Uncle Sam's fighting monsters. Eight big guns, each of which flashes, at correct intervals, from twelve to twenty times. Extra ammunition always obtainable. Absolutely harmless. Can be operated indoors or out. Now, boys! Here's your chance to see a battleship in action, and the best of it is you can OWN the ship and command the firing yourself! By having two or more Battleships, you can arrange EXCITING NAVAL BATTLES in your own home. **Price of Warship and Ammunition, 15c, three for 40c, or a fleet of 12 ships for $1.50 postpaid. Extra Ammunition, 5 cents per pkg.**

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EASY TO USE

Stops the Pain; Stops the Tooth

Squeeze a little in hollow of tooth; the **Ache Stops Instantly**; the paste hardens, forming an antiseptic Filling. Absolutely harmless. Have it ready for the next bad attack. **25c per tube, postpaid.**

This is not a pretty object, but there is fun in it for people who like practical jokes. The Ghost, when displayed in a perfectly dark place, glows with a ghastly cold bluish radiance, very apt to give one a "creepy" sensation, even when you know all about it, but a regular startler for those who come upon it unexpectedly. A great joke to play on your mother-in-law. **Price only 15 cents each, or three for 40 cents.**

[illegible] PINS

A clever novelty. The National "Safety First" Movement has made them very popular. Wear one and show your sympathy with the movement. Also handy for wearing at amateur theatricals and the like. Two sizes, ⅝ in. (gold plated) and 1½ in. (nickel-plated) 6c each, two for 10c p. pd.

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Though so marvelously cheap, this machine is a thoroughly practical Typewriter. We positively guarantee it to produce writing equal in every respect to that of any $100 machine. It does not seem possible at the price, but let us send you a specimen of its work and you will be convinced. With reasonable care it will last a lifetime. It is so simple that a child just able to read can write with it. You can learn all there is to know about it in five minutes, and an hour's practice will make you an expert operator. Every business man must have a typewriter. Illegible pen writing is unbusinesslike and creates the impression that the firm is a no-account and slow going concern. We assure you that the Practical Typewriter fully answers the purpose; it is fit to do the correspondence of any business or profession. [illegible] the chance of securing a bargain. The letters of the alphabet, the numerals 1 to 10, and punctuation marks are so grouped that the letters most used are before the operator most of the time, enabling him to write rapidly. The rollers hold the paper in position while writing and at the end of each line a slight turn of the roller moves the rachet, which makes a click and forces the paper forward, giving the proper line spacing so that the lines are all an equal distance from each other, so desirable in letter writing. Each typewriter packed in a strong box, with full printed instructions for use. Price complete, $2.50 sent by mail postpaid.

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B 3, 54 W. Lake St., Chicago.

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You may have a lot of fun with this Squirt Ring. It consists of a handsome gold plated ring attached to a rubber ball, arranged that the [illegible] in the proper [illegible] cannot fail to be the center of attraction. While the victim is absorbed in examining it, you squeeze the rubber ball and the observer experiences a very great surprise. **PRICE 20 CENTS,** three for 50 cents, postpaid. J. S. & CO.

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Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and blow it into the air, and everyone in the room or car will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. It is most amusing to hear their remarks, as they never suspect the real source but think they have caught it one from the other. Between the laughing and sneezing you yourself will be having the time of your life. For **parties, political meetings, car rides,** or any place at all where there is a gathering of people it is the **greatest joke out. Price 12c or 3 for 30c.** JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

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With a bunch of these bills, it is easy for each person of limited means to appear prosperous. By flashing a roll of these bills at the proper time and peeling off a genuine bill or two from the outside of the roll, the effect created will be found to be all that can be desired. **Prices, postpaid: 15 Bills 10c, 50 Bills 25c, 125 for 50c, or $3.50 thousand**

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USEFUL KNOTS, HITCHES, SPLICES, ETC.

How Different Knots Are Made and What They Are Used For. Knots to Use and Knots to Avoid.

A most practical handbook giving complete and simple direction for making all the most useful knots, hitches, rigging, splices, etc. Over 100 Illustrations. All about wire rope attachments, lashing, blocks, tackles, etc. 37 Heraldic Knots Illustrated. Of great value to mechanics, riggers, campers, boatmen. Price 20c p. pd.

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B 3, 54 W. Lake St., Chicago

LUMINOUS PAINT

Make Your Watches, Clocks, Etc., Visible by Night The very latest discovery in the scientific world. Hitherto, practically unobtainable except at an exorbitant price, we have at last succeeded in producing this remarkable LUMINOUS PAINT, which, applied to the surface of any article, emits rays of white light, rendering it perfectly visible in the dark. **THE DARKER THE NIGHT, THE MORE BRILLIANT IT SHINES.** Quite simple to use. Anyone—you can do it. A little applied to the dial of your watch or clock will enable you to tell the time by night. You can coat the push buttons or switch plates of your electric lights, match boxes and innumerable other articles; make your own Luminous Crucifixes, Luminous Rosaries etc. Bottle containing sufficient to coat several small articles. **Price 25c. Larger sizes 50c and $1 postpaid. Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B 3, 54 W. Lake St., Chicago**

MUSICAL KAZOO

With the Musical Kazoo you can, without previous practice whatsoever, play any tune right off, imitate any bird or animal, bagpipe, snare drum, Punch and Judy, etc. No holes to finger. It is simplicity itself. Produces excellent music. You do not blow into it but sing, speak, laugh or make any desired imitation. Used with astonishing results at society meetings, home, club or church entertainments, dances, serenades, picnics, outings, excursions. Just the thing for choruses and shows, bicycle and marching clubs, etc. Excellent for vocal or instrumental accompaniments, either with or without other musical instruments. Price 15c p. pd.

Wonderfully Sweet Toned and Musical

A marvelous musical instrument. No other instrument produces sweeter music, whether it be the joyous notes of a quick step or the solemn strains of a church hymn—in fact, any class of music can be played upon the Humana tone without practice, as it is almost a self-playing instrument. When played with a piano accompaniment, or any other musical instrument, the effect is charming. Full printed instructions for playing sent with each instrument.

Post Paid **15c**

All the Latest Surprises and Jokes

Pharo's Serpents Eggs, box	10c
Miniature Water Pistol	10c
Cleopatra's Snake (very lifelike)	15c
False Mustache (fool your friends)	5c
Ford Auto Puzzle (Latest)	10c
Mysterious Ghost, shines at night	10c
Rubber Razor (very formidable)	25c
Rubber Dagger (sensational)	25c
Window Smashers (great joke)	25c
Lookbackroscope (see behind you)	15c
Great Mind Reading Mystery Cds.	10c
Thurston's Mysterious Trick Cds.	10c
Fighting Roosters, pair	10c
Cover the Spot Trick, a sclen nov.	10c
X Ray Novelty	10c
Trick Pencil	10c
Rubber Tacks (a good joke)	[illegible]
Mesmerized Penny (defies the law of gravitation)	20c
Mysterious Tumbler and Vanishing Coin Trick	25c
Magic Mirror (take one peep)	10c
Magic Plate Lifter	20c
Imitation Gold Teeth	3 for 10c
Great Burglar Puzzle	10c
Wire Puzzles, 10c. 22 different,	$1.95

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B 3, 54 W. Lake St., CHICAGO

Boys, you can have Movies at your own home with this latest model

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

Uses Standard Films same as the larger machines. Very easily managed. Simply turn the handle. Good Variety of Films always obtainable

PRICE Complete ONLY $2.50 Postpaid anywhere including Two Films

Extra Films, 15c each postpaid

THIS IS A GENUINE MOVING PICTURE MACHINE and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct. The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area. The light is produced by a safety carbide generator, such as is used on the largest automobiles. This throws a dazzling white light on the screen.

It is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places, and people which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it was used.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO.
Dept. B 3, 54 West Lake Street, CHICAGO

[illegible]

Consists of a little glass vial, containing in liquid form a chemical which will produce a most horrible odor. One dropped in a room full of people will cause more consternation than a limburger cheese. The smell will entirely disappear in a short time. 3 Boxes for 25c, shipped by express only with a Dollar's worth of other merchandise

ITCHING POWDER

This is another good practical joke; the intense discomfiture of your victims to everyone but themselves is thoroughly enjoyable. All that is necessary to start the ball rolling is to deposit a little of the powder on a person's hand and the powder can be relied upon to do the rest. The result is a vigorous scratch, then some more scratch, and still some more. 3 Boxes for 25c. Sent only by express. (Must order at least One Dollar's worth of other merchandise.)

The most confidential messages can be written with this Ink, for the writing **MAKES NO MARK.** Cannot be seen unless you know the secret. Invaluable for many reasons. Keep your postals and other private memorandums away from prying eyes. Great fun for playing practical jokes. **Only 15c Bottle**

Writing written with this remarkable ink vanishes entirely in a few weeks (sooner if desired), leaving the paper QUITE BLANK. 15c p. pd.

Writing can be READ ONLY IN A DARK ROOM; writing shines like fire. Quite invisible at daytime. Very remarkable. 15c bottle, 3 for 40c postpaid. JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

The Best Feat of its Kind

This trick is as effective as it is amazing. The performer hands around the ball for examination, and immediately it is returned to him he seizes it by the tips of his thumb and fingers and a second ball mysteriously appears. These are held in full view of the audience by the tips of the fingers of the left hand, and even while being placed in position another one mysteriously makes its appearance. Finally the magician apparently suffers from some kind of spasm and yet another ball is the result. The feat can then be reversed, the balls disappearing one after another until none remains. It is a very interesting trick that is quite easily performed by following the directions that accompany the apparatus. **PRICE, 25 CENTS, POSTPAID.** JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

Quaint and Novel Design

A VERY striking and uncommon ring, made of [illegible] Skull and crossbone design, with two brilliant flashing gems sparkling out of the eyes. A never failing object of interest. It is said by many to bring Good Luck to the wearer. Hence its name **Good Luck Ring,** and whilst we will not positively guarantee that, it is certainly a very unique ring that you will take a pride in wearing. They were made to sell at 50 cents, but as a special bargain we will supply them to customers mentioning this paper, at **HALF PRICE, viz., ONLY 25 CENTS, POSTPAID. JOHNSON SMITH & CO.**

[illegible]

Comforting to the Feet and Healthful

You will never suffer from Cold Feet while you wear these Electric Insoles. Any size. Comfortable even in a tight shoe. Alternate plates of copper and zinc generate a mild and gentle form of electric energy that promotes the circulation of the blood and thus tones up the entire system. Positively **Prevent Cramp,** avert Nerve Troubles, save you from Colds and [illegible] Rheumatic Pains. Having obtained a large stock, we are able to reduce the price to **50c per pair, postpaid.**

JOHNSON SMITH & CO. Dept. B3, 54 W. LAKE STREET, CHICAGO.

THE "LITTLE GIANT" TYPEWRITER

A First Class Writing Machine For $1.25

A perfect little typewriter for $1.25. There are thousands of persons who would like to use a typewriter but whose needs and business do not warrant the expense attached to the purchase and use of a fifty or seventy-five dollar machine. To such persons we confidently recommend our Little Giant. It is strongly made, but simple in construction, so that any one can quickly learn to operate it, and write as rapidly as they would with pen and ink. The letters of the alphabet most frequently used being so grouped as to enable one to write rapidly, the numerals, 1 to 10, and the punctuation marks being together. With this machine you can send your best girl typewritten love letters, address envelopes, make out bills, and do almost any kind of work not requiring a large expensive machine. With each typewriter we send a tube of ink and full printed instructions for using the machine. Price complete $1.25 by mail postpaid

[illegible]

Each box contains 12 Eggs, which are no larger than a grain of oats. When lit with a match, however, each one gradually hatches itself into a Snake several feet long, which curls and twists about in a most lifelike manner. **Price per box 10c, postpaid.** Johnson Smith & Co.

[illegible]

A jointed figure of a skeleton 14 inches in height, will dance to music and perform various gyrations and movements while the operator may be any distance from it. The figure may be examined by the spectators. When handed back to the operator it is simply placed on a chair or table, when it will seemingly become endowed with life, and begin to move. At the command of the operator it will lie down, stand up, dance, etc. We send full directions with each Skeleton, by the aid of which anyone can readily make it perform. 10c postpaid.

[illegible]

Very neat and handy. Weighs less than a quarter of an ounce. It makes better cigarettes than you can buy and makes them easily and quickly. You can use just the tobacco you prefer and thus have nicer "smokes" than ready-made, and more of them besides saving about half of your money. Just try one and make your cigarettes just to your own liking. **Price only 10c or 3 for 25c postpaid,** with full instructions for use. JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

A Great Curiosity
The Smallest Bible in the World

The Midget Bible is a perfect gem, and a work of art. It is about the size of a postage stamp and contains TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PAGES of the NEW TESTAMENT, profusely illustrated. This little Bible is a wonder. It is said to bring good luck to the owner. Must be seen to be appreciated. **Price, only 12 cents, three Bibles for 30 cents; one dozen Bibles for $1.00 or 100 for $6.00.** Good money can be made selling these Midget Bibles amongst friends, church acquaintances, Sunday schools, bazaars, etc. Send for a few and try it.

The CONJURER'S CASKET

Apparatus and Directions for a Number of Mysterious Tricks Enough for an Entire Evening's Entertainment **50c**

ANYONE CAN DO THEM

It is great fun mystifying your friends. Get this Conjurer's Cabinet, and you will be the cleverest fellow in your district. It contains the apparatus for seven first rate tricks, including The Disappearing Rose, that, when pinned on the lapel of your coat, vanishes from sight at will; the Magic Vase and Ball Trick (a Wooden Ball is placed inside, and upon replacing the lid has disappeared and is found in someone else's pocket); The Magic Nail, with which you can apparently cut your finger almost in two; the Wonderful Card Trick (a card is placed in an envelope, and when opened an entirely different card altogether is found); The Disappearing Coin Box (a coin is placed in the little wooden barrel, and when opened again, is found to have vanished entirely or can be made to change into a coin of another denomination); the Famous Mesmerized Penny that defies the law of gravitation (suspends from the palm of the hand, nose, cheek, wall, clothing, etc.); The Glass Goblet and Vanishing Coin Trick (a coin is dropped into a glass of water, and when the water is poured out the coin has vanished). With the seven tricks described above we send full printed instructions for performing each trick, so that anyone can readily perform all the tricks to the great amusement of their friends or the public. Any boy of ordinary intelligence with this Cabinet of Tricks in his possession, can give a parlor entertainment not inferior to some regular magicians. Besides the tricks contained in the Cabinet, there are twenty-five other feats and illusions fully explained with full printed instructions, for which you can easily make or procure the necessary apparatus. Among them are The Mouse in a Pack of Cards, The Drawn Card, The Hat Trick, To Knock a Tumbler Through a Table, One Cent Rubbed into Two, To Find the Number Thought of, Mysterious Wedding Ring, etc. We also send the secret of performing three wonderful stage tricks, as follows: The Act of Cremating a Woman, Walking on the Ceiling of a Room, and the Disappearing Lady, together with an article on legerdemain and valuable hints to amateur conjurers. **PRICE COMPLETE ONLY 50 CENTS.**

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B 3, 54 W. Lake St., CHICAGO

Newest Novelty Aerial!

Flies gracefully in or outdoors. This is the VERY LATEST SENSATION IN BALLOONS. A brightly colored balloon that measures sixteen inches long is blown up in the usual way, and, when released, the air pressure sends the balloon SOARING UPWARD, the 8¼-inch propeller SPINNING AROUND AT A LIVELY RATE. The effect is startling. It is a graceful flier that makes the youngsters WILD WITH JOY. May be used repeatedly indoors or outdoors. An immensely interesting toy. **Price 10c each, 3 for 25c ppd.**

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B 3, 54 West Lake Street, CHICAGO

[illegible]

A HANDSOME AND MOST EFFECTIVE WEAPON

$5.50

Measures but 4¼ inches long

Takes regular .22 calibre cartridges

The new **Baby Double Action Hammerless Revolver** has been produced to meet the ever increasing demand for a revolver that would combine small size and light weight with the essential features of **Efficiency and Practicability.** It is small in size, yet is just as effective and serviceable as the most expensive weapon you can buy. Every lady should have a revolver and should know how to use it, and there is no safer or better one made than this. A great feature is its safety action that guards against accidental discharge, making it quite safe for young men and ladies. The illustration gives an idea of its appearance, but it must be seen and used to be thoroughly appreciated. The ammunition used is the standard .22-calibre (short) cartridge obtainable anywhere, or you may obtain the cartridges from us (cartridges can be shipped only by express). The revolver fires six shots in one loading. The operation of the charging mechanism is extremely rapid and absolutely reliable; six well aimed shots can be fired in as many seconds. The revolver is very well constructed, with finest nickel plated fluted barrel of cylinder, and it weighs only 4½ ounces. **The Price of the Baby Revolver is only $5.50, sent by mail postpaid to any address.** JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

WATCH CAMERA

The most wonderful and ingenious Camera made

It is but little larger than a watch, which it closely resembles. You can carry the **Expo** about in your pocket and take pictures without any one being the wiser.

One Cent a Picture

The Expo loads in daylight with 25 Exposure Films, costing 25c, thus the picture taking part of a whole day's outing may be had for the nominal sum of 25c—One cent a picture. 10 Exposure Films also obtainable. It is simplicity itself to operate. Takes pictures through the stem where the **Rapid Fire Lens** is located. The photos (5/8 x 7/8) may be enlarged to any size.

QUICK AS A FLASH Time and instantaneous shutters; weighs but 3 ounces; nickel plated. Endorsed by amateurs and professionals the world over. Thoroughly practical—printing and developing of films just the same as ordinary cameras—in daily use by the police, newspaper reporters, detectives, and the general public. Important items have been secured with the Watch Camera by enterprising reporters. Produces clear, sharp negatives indoors or outdoors equal to any camera on the market, size or price notwithstanding.

Expo Watch Camera Postage 10c Anywhere **$2.50** FILMS, 10 Exposures 15c, 25 Exposures, 25c. Leather Pocket Carrying Case, 35c

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B 3, 54 W. Lake St., CHICAGO

Trim Your Own Hair With the Utility Safety Hair Cutter

Cuts the Hair Any Length, Short or Long—Saves Its Cost First Time Used.

Agents Wanted

Price Only 35c Extra Blades 5c each

If you can COMB your hair you can TRIM your own hair with this marvelous invention. The UTILITY TRIMMER will cut hair any length you desire, short or long, finish the job as nicely as any barber and in one-fourth the time. [illegible] The ladies can cut the children's hair [illegible] face or [illegible] around the temples and neck. Sharpened like any razor, can be carried [illegible] for instant use and will last a lifetime.

To use it, stand in front of a mirror, if necessary, and use the UTILITY TRIMMER as you would a comb. [illegible] through the hair, downward, in the direction the hair lies, **but Never Upward.**

To cut long hair, first move the [illegible] so it will cut close to the head, then start cutting with downward cuts as high as you desire, evenly all around the head. Finish around the neck and temples with a square cut, like a barber.

It is impossible to leave any "nicks" or "cat steps" in your hair with this device, as the handle guard guides the cutter blade evenly over the scalp.

To cut very close, push the blade until the cutting edge is even with the guard teeth.

To shave the face or neck it can be used as an ordinary razor by reversing the blade in the holder, the cutting edge being to the back of the holder, exposing the entire blade, except each corner.

To hone, place the blade in the holder, with the cutting edge to the back, moving the blade out until the cutting edge is clear of the back of the holder. Then hone in the usual manner; finish on a strop as with an ordinary razor.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B 3, 54 W. Lake St., CHICAGO

PIANO PLAYING MADE EASY

No Teacher Needed
Surprisingly Simple System

Persons having neglected their Musical Education need not despair, for with the aid of our new VAMPING CARD (placing the card upright over the piano keys), you can at once Vamp away to thousands of Songs, Ballads, Waltzes, Rag Time, etc., etc., equal to a Professional Musician. No knowledge of music is required. After using it a few times you will be able to dispense with the use of the Vamping Card entirely. **Only 15 cts. p. pd.** Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B 3, 54 W. Lake St., Chicago

THE GREAT JAPANESE [illegible]

A Graceful House or Conservatory Plant, Quite Easily Cultivated. Easily Grown from Seed, Summer or Winter

The Great Japanese Umbrella Palm is a semi-aquatic plant. It is easily grown from seed either in a bowl of water or in very damp soil. Probably the most usual, as well as the most interesting method, is to cultivate the plant in a bowl or jardiniere filled with water, with two or three inches of good garden soil at the bottom. The seeds soon commence to germinate, and the plant shoots up stems two or three feet high and rapidly assumes a most pretty palm-like appearance, as shown in the engraving. The tops of the stems are surmounted by a whorl of umbrella-shaped leaves, of a waxy appearance. From the center of the umbrellas, smaller umbrellas branch out, and the effect is decidedly novel. The Umbrella Palm is ideal for table or window for the conservatory and indeed for all decorative purposes, fish bowls, aquarium, etc. We will send a package of this seed, with full instructions for culture, for **only 15 cents, or three packages for 40 cents, postpaid.**

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B-3, 54 W. Lake St., Chicago

A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks for ten cents. These lilliputian fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and flery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements is known only to the operator who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10 cents, 3 pair for 25 cents, by mail postpaid. Johnson Smith & Co.

Just Like Ordinary Cigarettes, But Such Real Starters!

A box containing ten apparently genuine Cigarettes. They contain a cat which explodes when about one-third is smoked.

They appear so real, and afford so good a smoke (while they last), that the victim is taken entirely by surprise. A great laugh producer and entirely harmless. **Price, box of ten, 35 cents, postpaid**

JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

Potmend *Stops a leak in a minute*

The finest repairer for Ironware, Agateware, Enamelware, etc. Good for kettles, pots, pans, boilers, and every kind of ironware, also for tin, copper, aluminum, ice boxes, iron pipes, cracks in stoves, broken china, porcelain, bric-a-brac, bisque, crockery, woodenware, marble, etc. Will not chip, fry, burn, bake or boil out. THE MEND IS THE STRONGEST SPOT IN THE POT. Could not be simpler; just mix the powder with water. HARDENS LIKE IRON. Fire-proof, Water-proof. You can fill a big hole or a small crack. Mended place stronger than new. Replaces chipped enamel. Anyone can do it; FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE. Better and easier than solder. Three sizes, 15 cents, 25 cents and 50 cents.

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B 3, 54 W. Lake St., Chicago

Got 117 Eggs Instead of 3

Says One of Our Readers

Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs" and you will be amazed and delighted with results. "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 9018 Reefer Building, Kansas City, Mo., for a $1.00 package of "More Eggs" tonic. Or send $2.25 to-day and get three regular $1.00 packages on special discount for a season's supply. A million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your money will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. Send for your "More Eggs" to-day, or ask Mr. Reefer for his free poultry book that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.

One of our subscribers says, "'More Eggs' increased my supply from three to 117 eggs."

Poultry Raisers Write From All Parts of U.S. Wonderful Results of More Eggs

Five Times as Many Eggs Since Using "More Eggs" Tonic

Since using "More Eggs" I do not think there is one chicken that is not laying. We get from forty to fifty eggs per day. Before using "More Eggs" we were getting eight and nine eggs per day.

A. P. WOODARD, St. Cloud, Fla.

"More Eggs" Paid the Pastor

I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by "More Eggs." I have paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses, and that is not all—I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 1½ dozen left.

MRS. LENA McBROON, Woodbury, Tenn.

"More Than Doubled in Egg"

I am very much pleased with your "More Eggs" Tonic. My hens have more than doubled up in their eggs.

L. D. NICHOLS, Mendon, Ill.

126 Eggs in 5 Days

I wouldn't try to raise chickens without "More Eggs," which means more money. I use it right along. I have 33 hens and in 5 days have gotten 10½ dozen eggs, or 126.

MRS. J. O. OAKES, Salina, Okla.

Never Saw Anything Like the "More Eggs" Tonic

I gave the "More Eggs" tablets to my hens and in three weeks they began laying and laid all winter. I never saw anything like them in the world.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH,
Penn. R. R. Ore Docks, Lackawanna N. Y.

Seventy-five Per Cent Laid Every Day

The "More Eggs" I ordered from you last winter proved out very satisfactory. Fully 75 per cent of my hens laid every day.

H. C. RADER, Greenville, Tenn.

Twelve Tablets Cured the Flock

In the spring a disease broke out in my hens and I lost fourteen. I had twelve or thirteen "More Eggs" tablets left and I used it in their drinking water and the rest of the sick ones got well and went right to laying.

MRS. EMMA WRIGHT, Memphis, Neb.

Delighted With "More Eggs" Tonic

I am delighted with the "More Eggs" Tonic remedy. I did not get any eggs this winter until I got the "More Eggs."

MRS. J. E. TILLSON, Mize, Miss.

Well Pleased With "More Eggs"

I received my "More Eggs" Tonic about January 8, and am so well pleased with it I am mailing you $1.00 for another box. I have about 150 hens and get anywhere from 80 to 100 eggs daily, and one day over 100.

MISS VERA BOWMAN, Rochelle, Va.

Write To-day

You want to know about this wonderful egg producer. Don't delay, but write to-day to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 9018 Reefer Building, Kansas City, Mo. Send $1.00 now for a full size package of "More Eggs," or better yet, send $2.25 and take advantage of the special discount on three regular $1.00 packages. Or send for Mr. Reefer's free poultry book. It tells the methods of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry. Don't put this off. Write to-day.

Special ONLY $7.95

FOR THIS TWENTY-ONE JEWEL TEN YEAR GUARANTY watch. To introduce our great sales methods will send you by Parcel Post, C. O. D., this rich ladies' or men's size watch for your approval, so that you can see for yourself our tremendously good special offer. Exquisite gold filled case, beautifully engraved, will last a life time. Twenty-one jewel movement, stem set and stem wind, guaranteed time keeper.

Pay postman only $7.95, and watch is yours. Try it ten days; if not satisfied, will refund your money in full. But you'll like the watch. WRITE TODAY.

UNION SALES CO.,
1859 Chicago Ave., Dept. 10, Chicago.

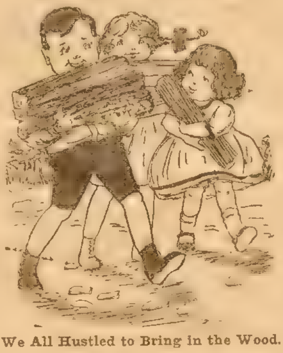
FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE

This fine Rifle free for selling only 16 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c. each. Write for Jewelry today.
COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 63, East Boston, Mass.

Stories for Boys and Girls

The Brave Mother.

SOMETIMES I wish I wasn't the oldest one. You see it is just this way. I can't do anything without the rest of them wanting to do just the same, and if I do any mischief then mother says: 'Why, Walter, I am surprised at you! You the oldest one, to set such an example to your brothers and sisters!' And when mother looks at me that way and says that, I feel so ashamed all over it just makes my brains wiggle. So when mother told us we must pile up the wood in the shed this morning I thought I would hurry up and get it done quickly so that mother wouldn't need to scold and then I could find time afterward to finish my waterwheel down back of father's mill.



We All Hustled to Bring in the Wood.

I don't like to pile wood very well. If you are not particular to keep the rows straight, when you get it 'way up high and think you are almost done, over it goes, and then you have a lot more to do. We divided up the wood into parts so that each of us might do his share. Kate and Amy came to help, too, and we got along first rate till Roy happened to see a chipmunk running on the fence, and then he didn't want to do any more piling. Don was smarter than Roy and did a whole lot of piles. By and by mother came out and told us that when we got thru we could make some peanut fudge, and then we all hustled—all but Roy, and he was so busy hunting for cocoons under the beams that he didn't care.

Father says Roy is a born mechanic and mother says he is a born naturalist, but Aunt Eva says he is a born mischief and that any one needs a steam engine to keep up with him.

I helped Kate and Amy because they are girls, and I helped Donny because he is the little boy, but I would not help Roy because he was just fooling around.

We went in to make the candy, and I guess after that Roy thought he would have to hurry up and get his part done pretty quick or he would not get much of the fudge to eat. And when we got it to cooking on the stove we heard Roy yelling, and mother thought perhaps he was hurt, so she ran out and we tagged after her. And what do you suppose was the matter?

Roy had gotten his wood almost all piled up because there was a big box under his share, and that box was full of chips, and in one corner of it there was some cotton wool.

Roy was shouting:

"I've found a mouse nest! Oh, I've found a mouse nest!"

And I said: "Did you see the old mouse?"

"She's just run away from here."

Then mother said, "Sh-sh-sh!" and we all looked over at the end doorway and we saw a mouse stick her nose out under a beam and then dodge back, and mother told us to all stand back and see what she would do.

So we all stood back a little ways from the box. In a minute that mouse came back into the shed and hopped up on a stick and looked at us just an instant. I guess she was pretty scared, for we could see her heart beating awfully fast and her little pink nose and ears trembled some. Mother lifted Nellie up and held her so she could see too. Nellie is our baby, but she can walk now. And we all stood just as "still as mice."

And that trembling little mouse ran right into her nest and jumped right out again with a tiny pink baby mouse, about an inch long, in her mouth, and she carried it just the same as our old cat carries her kittens. She ran along the edge of the box and off outdoors in a hurry.

Mother said: "Keep perfectly still, children, and see if she comes back.' And we all whispered to each other "Keep still, now.'

Sure enough she came peeking in the doorway again in a minute, ran to the nest and carried out another baby mouse, and she came back again and again till she had taken all six babies away. Then she came back again and hunted thru the nest and when she could not find any more she turned around quick as scat and ran out twice as fast as she had before.

Mother clapped her hands then, and cried, "Bravo!' and we all clapped our hands, too.

Kate said she thought the mother was a funny kind of one who did not know how many children she had, and Roy said she probably did know, but was so scared she lost count, and Don said he wished he knew where she took them, and Amy declared she would go right out and hunt for them. But I just shook that fudge spoon that I had in my hand at her, and said: "Don't you dare to do it! How would you like to have a great big giant come and smash in our house and scare us almost to death?"

Then mother laughed and sat Nellie down and said: "Come, children, that candy will be burned before it is boiled if we don't hurry back and look after it.'

❧

A Rare New Game.

THE pups have found a new game. For the first few days since the weather turned cold they were content to sleep, curled in little tight balls, on the bearskin rug before the fire. Now their blood is warmed to the weather, and they frolic joyously in the leaf pile we are trying to take in for winter bedding. At last, between the wind and the touch of frost, the hickory nuts have begun to fall—then the fun began. Fun for the pups, I mean. I am not sure it is quite as much fun for the squirrel.

The gray squirrel creeps softly down a ragged trunk, husks his nut, and digs his hole. His little forefeet send a small geyser of dirt flying [illegible] his tail.

"Yip! Yow!" the horde are upon him ere ever he pats it down. Scratch, scratch! The sods fly with even more energy than puppy paws have displayed in making cool nests in my flower garden. Sniff! Sniff! What was that squirrel doing here? Robin Hood cocks an inquisitive ear. Maid Marian ranges, snuffing curiously. Then fat Tuck finds the treasure and waddles off with it in his mouth, while Nance investigates his whiskers.

He is very contented with his prize for at least two minutes, while the rest are engaged in trying to take it away from him. But he keeps a close mouth about it.

"What you got?" asks Robin. "Le's see."

Tuck merely looks inordinately wise, while his mouth begins to drip from the corners.

"Aw, keep it then!" says Robin, returning to the leaf pile, where he lies square on top of the other two who are already settled, warming the hole for him.

And Tuck does keep it, tho he doesn't know what to do with it. At last he sits it down in the middle of the walk, licks his wet whiskers and toddles back to join the rest.

A moment later they spy the squirrel again, in the far corner of the yard, half hidden by a flowering currant bush, and the game is on.

Once, by chance, the squirrel, passed his abandoned property. He ran up to it eagerly enough; then he backed off with the gesture of a cat who has wet her paws, his delicacy greatly offended.

"Wah!" shouted the pup, and he scuttled up the nearest tree, while the pack resumed possession of the nut, patting and playing with it as tho it were a ball. But he climbed out of the lowest branch and called them names. And Robin looked up, giving a sort of giggle with that conversational tail of his, as much as to say "Aw, now what's the use of gettin' sore? We're just playin'."

But I think the squirrel is very deeply grieved.

❧

Absent Minded.

THE professor remembered one day that he had a daughter. He went to the nursery to see her, and found his wife adoring her. He listened to the mother's rapture for a while, then asked hesitatingly:

"Can the little thing walk?"

"Walk, Herbert!" cried his wife. "Why she's been walking now for six months.'

"Dear me, dear me!" said the professor, thinking busily of something else. 'What a distance she must have traveled!'"

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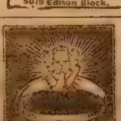

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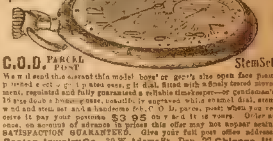

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For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Easily Made Christmas Gifts

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

WHILE away from home one has occasion to use dainty toilet accessories such as are illustrated on this page. The covered talcum powder can and the laundry kit are useful as well as ornamental and make excellent Christmas gifts.

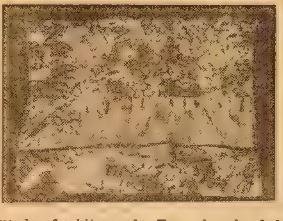
Another attractive feature of these articles is their economy. Most of us by looking about carefully will find the majority of the materials about the house. By purchasing probably one small item, the bits of ribbon, silk, satin or other materials about the house may be utilized, and in these days, when every one is practicing thrift and conservation, this is an item to be taken into consideration.

The cover for the talcum powder can is serviceable. It is made of a felt-finished cretonne, of which ¼ of a yard will make 4 covers. Of the gold braid 1 inch wide, 8 inches are used, with the same of the narrow lace and 1 yard of gold cord for the ties.

For this cover, too, many substitutes can be utilized with equally good results. A piece of brocade in silk or velvet, if of dark shade a few stiches of gold thread or brightly colored silk; a bold design of soutache braid following the pattern of the goods also is effective.

Small pieces of cretonne in either light or dark colors can be trimmed in wash braid with cord to match. A light shade of wash material with dotted or barred Swiss which can be taken off and laundered frequently, are fresh and dainty on the dresser or dressing table.

The laundry kit is a novel and handy gift for the traveler or college girl and will be appreciated for the friend it in. It is made of figured cretonne 7 inches by 9 inches, and lined with a piece of sateen, poplin or other suitable material of the same size as the cretonne, the shade either matching or contrasting with the predominating shade of the cover. Turn 2½ inches and sew the pockets for 6 small clothespins and 2



yards of white cord. Two glass-headed tacks and 2 snap fasteners complete the materials. The tacks are to be pressed into the wall and the line strung on them across the corner of the room. On this handkerchiefs, hose, collars, gloves and underwear may be dried in one's room. When the glass tacks are removed from the wallpaper the marks will not show.

Novel Trimming.

PRETTY trimming for silk waists is made of machine-stitching. Wind the bobbin of the sewing-machine with sewing silk and thread the machine with knitting or crochet silk. Lengthen stitch considerably, loosen upper tension, leaving shuttle thread as usual. The looser the tension, the prettier the stitching. Use large needle.

❧

Freshening Old Sweaters.

IF YOUR daughter's sweater is getting shabby, dress it up with a newly knit collar, cuffs and belt of angora wool of contrasting color. They can be neatly sewed on and will give a novel effect. Crochet buttons can be made also if desired.

Basket Stitch for Knitters.

TWO twelve inch long bone knitting needles, with tips at one end, size 7, one pound four ply double knitting wool in khaki or navy blue are needed.

Cast on sixty-nine stitches, or a number of stitches divisible by twelve, plus nine. Slip the first stitch of every row with a knitting or purling slip according to the stitch following.

First Row—Slip 1 stitch, knit 8, purl 3, *knit 9, purl 3, and repeat from * to the end of the row, ending knit 9 stitches.

Second Row—Slip 1 stitch, purl 8, knit 3, *purl 9, knit 3, and repeat from * to the end of the row, ending purl 9 stitches.

Third Row—Slip 1 stitch, knit 8, purl 3, *knit 9, purl 3, and repeat from * to the end of the row, ending knit 9 stitches.

Fourth Row—Slip 1 stitch, purl 2, knit 3, *purl 9, knit 3, and repeat from * to the end of the row, ending purl 3 stitches.

Fifth Row—Slip 1 stitch, knit 2, purl 3, *knit 9, purl 3, and repeat from * to the end of the row, ending knit 3 stitches.

Sixth Row—Same as the fourth row.

Repeat these six rows for all the work.

To make a muffler two and one-half yards long cast off and finish the ends with either one row of plain crochet and a small flat scallop, or with a two and one-half inch long fringe, using six strands of wool to a knot and spacing the knots one to every one-half inch of knitting, then trim the fringe evenly.

This muffler will measure twelve inches in width. If greater width is desired cast on eighty-one stitches. The pattern increases or diminishes by twelve stitches.

Do not press knitting done in fancy stitches.

❧

Pretty Aprons.

FOR the little girl of 3 to 6 years a half dozen pretty little aprons, each dainty and unusual, all packed in a gay Christmas box, will make an excellent gift. An apron may be made of heavy white linen and embroidered and edged in color, or colored chambray or gingham may be selected for the apron, with trimming in contrasting color. An equally smart little apron may be made by cutting a circular yoke, with neck opening large enough so it may be slipped on over the head, and attaching a section of material, either plaited or gathered, at both front and back, these sections to be joined underneath each arm by a little strap or by two strips of the material to be tied into a bow just above the waistline.

A checked gingham apron, embroidered in cross or sampler stitch, may be added to the lot.

❧

Modern Modes.

SOME of the most charming capes have deeply fringed collars.

Fine tatting finds its appropriate place in a baby's best dress.

If one wears feathers upon one's hat they should be uncurled.

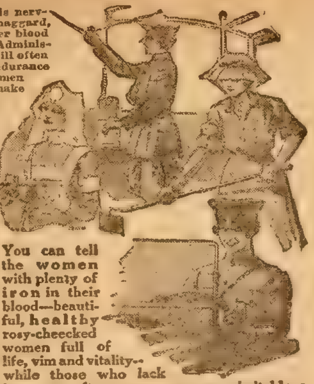
The latest French blouses have little apron effects in front.

For the sports suit one does well to choose blue Hawaiian cloth.

❧

For Buttonhole Work.

WHEN you want to buttonhole an article and have no stamping materials, try the following: Draw a straight line where the edge is to be, then lay a button (one with two holes) exactly on the middle of the line; draw a half circle, move the button down a little, and draw another half circle.



Doctor Says Crying Need Of The Woman of Today Is More Iron In Her Blood

TO HELP STRENGTHEN HER NERVES AND PUT COLOR IN HER CHEEKS

Any woman who tires easily, is nervous or irritable, or looks pale, haggard, and worn should at once have her blood examined for iron deficiency. Administration of simple Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, careworn women in two weeks' time and help make them look years younger.

In commenting on the unusual demands being made today of women in every walk of life, Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy cheeked women without iron. I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anæmia. The skin of anæmic women is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt. But avoid the old forms of metallic iron which may injure the teeth and corrode the stomach and thereby do more harm than good. Take only organic iron—Nuxated Iron.

"I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder.

"If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak, or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages there are probably thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it."

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks, then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood—beautiful, healthy rosy-cheecked women full of life, vim and vitality—while those who lack iron are often cross, nervous, irritable, weak, tired, complaining creatures whom nobody wants to have around.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE (Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended by Dr. King is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

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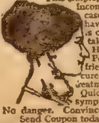

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The Avengers

(Continued From Page 8)

derness in her eyes. Then she read from the paper:

"Cruel and faithless! I could not let the climax of your treachery pass without letting you know that you have not succeeded in hiding from me. I write this, intending to take any opportunity that may offer of placing it in your hands tonight. It is not likely to touch your hard heart, but if it will add one bitter drop to your cup of happiness I shall be satisfied."

"It does not refer to me. I should have hoped that it was not necessary for me to assure you of that, Marion," said Leslie. But his tone hardly carried conviction, for he was haunted by a dread that the girl would awake out of her swoon and claim him as the man who had wronged and deserted her. He guessed that the accusing paper was meant for Nigel Lukyn, but in this case any protests he might make to the girl that he was not that person would not satisfy Marion. She was too deeply interested, as her heaving bosom and flashing eyes testified, to want to keep up what she believed was the fiction of his assumed name and identity for the purpose of deceiving this waif of the night.

The ordeal was evidently at hand, for with short gasps for breath the girl opened her eyes and gazed up into his face, dazed and unseeing. Then a dawning terror was voiced by a cry of recognition, and, shaking herself free of his sustaining arm, the stranger staggered to her feet, still staring at him, fiercely, hungrily. Marion, a superb figure in her shining jewels and low-cut dinner dress, stood watching the pair, scorn and something stronger growing in the curl of her clinched lips. Then, noting that the unknown could scarcely stand, womanly sympathy prevailed, and Marion hastened to give her wine.

With her eyes never off Leslie's face, the girl half finished the glass and set it down wearily on the table. But the stimulant had cleared her brain, and the terror and recognition in her pleading, trustful eyes gave place to an expression of shamefaced guilt. She suddenly looked like a hunted thing, not knowing which way she should turn.

"Oh, what have I done!" she moaned. "This is not—not the gentleman I believed him to be, and wrote that paper for. Oh, but I have made a sad mistake, and may have made mischief, I fear. I only chanced to see you, [illegible] at a distance outside the church where you were married, and—and I followed you here. But I was wrong—quite wrong. You are not the man who was so unkind to me. Oh, what shall I do?"

Marion beamed upon her, with stray scintillations for Leslie. "You shall do whatever you like, my child, except be worried," she said. "You can sleep here if you choose, and go back to wherever you came from in the morning, or I will have the brougham out and send you to the station. There are several trains more to town tonight."

The girl looked at her gratefully, but shook her head. "If you will just let me drop out and disappear—as tho this had never happened—it would be kindest," she said. "I should die of shame if your servants or any one had to know. It is not far to the station, and I am quite strong enough to walk."

Marion could understand her reluctance to remain, and did not press her. Nor did she yield to a very natural curiosity and ask her name and circumstances. To pry into the tragic little story, upon which the girl's mistake shed such a lurid sidelight, seemed like wanton sacrilege, for hers was evidently a close-hugged sorrow beyond the cure of wordy comfort.

"Go, by all means, if you prefer it," Marion assented kindly. "I suppose that there is nothing that we can do for you? Well, good-night then, and may happier days be in store."

The fragile visitor walked to the window, but turned before passing out into the garden. "May God bless you both," she said earnestly. "I should never forgive myself if I had made mischief. I swear to you, lady, that this gentleman is not the man I thought. I loved the one I knew too well for there to be any mistake."

When she was gone Leslie carefully closed and fastened the window, and readjusted the curtains, taking advantage of the brief respite while his back was towards Marion to brace himself to confession. That the Knights of Industry were in deadly earnest in their feud against Lukyn the events of the evening had plainly shown. Ruthless and implacable, they did not seem to mind how many innocent people they injured in bagging their quarry. For him to keep up the delusion that he was Lukyn would be almost as perilous to his wife as to himself.

She could but drive him away with scorn and contumely. Some means could be found for releasing her from that day's marriage contract, and she would be quit forever of a husband whose proximity entailed the pursuit of uncompromising assassins.

So he turned to abase himself, and was met by a radiant vision with outstretched arms and the love-light in her eyes. In a passion of self-abandonment Marion flung herself upon his breast. Her warm breath was on his face; her lips sought his.

"My darling, my husband," she cried, clinging to him in fond embrace. "To think that I doubted you for a single instant. We will brave these secret dangers together, you and I, with light hearts, dear, since they are no more meant for you than that poor girl's charges were. What a wretch the genuine Leslie Armytage must be to have incurred so much hatred. We must get hold of these Yankees and let them know that—I must whisper it—you are really Nigel Lukyn. Kiss me, my own—not coldly, like that. Ah, that is better. I know now that you have forgiven me, true heart that you are."

So it was that Leslie Armytage, frail flesh and blood that he was for all his stalwart inches, burned his boats and crossed the Rubicon of matrimony under false pretenses, but with a sure and certain knowledge that he was loved, as the old-time stories have it, "for himself alone."

And as presently, left to himself, he sat smoking a final cigarette before the dying embers he found some measure of justification. The sins which others would visit upon him, and for which Marion would have condemned him, were not his sins, but those of the man whose place he had taken.

There is an enemy within, as Marion and Badger soon discover on the yacht. You will be surprised to find out who it is in the Fourth Installment of this interesting story, which will appear in next week's Ledger.

* * *

Wasted Talents.

"There is nothing sadder than wasted talents."

"You're right!" exclaimed Farmer Corntossel. "Think of what these miserable cutworms could accomplish if they'd organize as lawn mowers."

REWARD Your Returning Soldier Boy

Your soldier boy has done his duty. Honor him with a remembrance he will surely appreciate.

Give Him the Latest Creation in Jewelry

Genuine California Abalone

—just what he wants.

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We are offering a set of 2 cuff links and tie pin, artistically mounted, in

Sterling Silver....................$2.00
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You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, fine Lockets, La Valliers and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20 pictures today and when sold, send us the $2.00 and choose the premium wanted, according to big list. RAY ART CO., Dept. 17, CHICAGO

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Instant Bunion Relief Prove It FREE

Just like the touch of the fairy's wand, FAIRYFOOT banishes the pain and inflammation IMMEDIATELY. They disappear like magic. It absorbs and draws out the inflammation, softens and dissolves the accumulated layers of cartilage which really make the bunion, thus reducing the enlargement and restoring the deformed foot to its healthy, normal size. Wonderful—yes. And it costs you nothing to find out. Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my FAIRYFOOT treatment FREE. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you for the asking. Send no money—only coupon or a post card.

FAIRYFOOT

is a wonderful yet simple home remedy. It removes the cause of the bunion and therefore the unnatural enlargement of the joint disappears—your foot resumes its natural shape and the pain also is gone—all this while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever.

Surely you will not let this opportunity pass to get rid of that ugly, painful, distressing deformity. When I say "Try FAIRYFOOT at my expense", I mean it. All you are asked to send is the coupon. That will bring the free treatment. I want you to have it because I know that when you have found what FAIRYFOOT does, you will tell your friends about it. Most of our business comes in this way. People are so glad to have found such quick relief that they spread the good news everywhere. That is why I can afford to send out these free treatments.

Send the Coupon Today for Free Treatment

See for yourself, at my expense, what FAIRYFOOT will do. Thousands and thousands of grateful users praise this amazing remedy. And you will do the same once you have tried it. Sit down right now and sign the coupon. Get it into the mail. Don't suffer any longer while this free offer holds good. Remember—not a penny to send, and no obligation on your part except to use it as directed. Just the coupon, or you may send us your name and address on a post card—today.

Foot Remedy Co., 3603 W. 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

I accept your offer to send FAIRYFOOT free so that I may learn without any cost or obligation what wonderful power it has to relieve me from bunions. I agree to use it as you direct.

Name..

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....

Demons of the Sea

(Continued From Page 11)

children. He wanted tablecloths and plumbing, a garden with raised flower beds, an easy chair and a straight chair, a pair of slippers and a dog. All the discarded debris of human life were overwhelming him, as if in a landslide. He wanted a human kingdom of his own.

With these desires came a new sense of kinship with man. He was willing to abandon his dreams if he could, in exchange, gain Ida. And he had held her in his power—and lost her!

The thought of her renewed his courage. He found his motorboat upon the shore, uninjured by the inundation, since the point of rock had acted as a breakwater and protected it. Within a few minutes he had filled his great gasoline reservoir with a supply sufficient for several days, and set out in pursuit of the herd. He knew that he could easily outdistance the submarine.

Presently he came upon the monsters. Their first wild dash had taken them in all directions, so that little vapor had formed, but now they were beginning to congregate, and a wall of black cloud, rising in the distance, indicated their direction.

The monsters made no effort to molest him, but they would not, at first, heed his tuning fork. Later, however, he managed to assemble a small bodyguard about him.

MacBeard pursued them down the east coast of England. His boat, hidden in the cloud, remained undetected by the patrol vessels.

Here and there he came upon derelict ships, which had been stranded when the sea opened, abandoned and then floated with the removal of the herd; empty barks that drifted aimlessly on the North Sea. He witnessed the explosions at Sunderland, South Shields, and along the shores of the Wash. He wasted a little time following a small body that disappeared in the swamps.

It was not until the second morning that he guessed where the herd would make its main rendezvous.

It was a simple deductive process, tho nobody else had thought of it. It was the Dogger bank, swarming with fish, which would provide the monsters with food.

Even MacBeard was not above the elementary need of sleep, and he wasted the third day torpid in his little roofed cabin. To avoid surprise by the monsters, he attached a hygrometer to an electric bell, so that any marked change in the vapor of the atmosphere would start it ringing. However, he had his sleep undisturbed.

He awoke with a new courage, and set his gigantic mind to work upon the future.

He believed that, once the first dash of the monsters was over, they would obey his call again. And his first summons proved successful beyond his expectations. Exhausted by their dash southward, numbers of the herd congregated about the motor boat, to the G sound, which was perceptible to them for a much greater distance than the tone carried to the human ear. From within a radius of twenty miles a cloud rolled in upon the motor boat, until MacBeard, invisible in the heart of its blackness, like some arch-devil, controlled his devil crew.

This cloud was quickly seen by the rear-admiral's patrol vessels, while it had this disadvantage—it prevented MacBeard from discovering the F55 as she slipped past on her way southward.

She ran unchallenged thru the destroyer flotilla and came alongside the rear-admiral's flagship, a disused cruiser armed with a powerful battery, on which he had hoisted his pennant. A few moments later Davies and Ida clambered aboard, leaving Clouts in charge of the submarine—and of the queen of the swarm.

Half an hour later Clouts received the command to take the F55 to London as best he could. Davies' interview with the rear-admiral had decided the latter to open hostilities immediately. The squadron spread out and approached the Dogger fanwise, to encircle the monsters.

Thru the murky haze which swiftly enshrouded the fleet the signal to fire was flashed. A deafening cannonade was opened, the vessels firing their heavy guns and immediately steaming in to finish their work with their secondary batteries. The admiral's eight-inch rifles opened with a port broadside.

MacBeard, who had just awakened aboard the motor boat, saw in terror the great shells dropping all about him. He thought this was the end of all his plans. It seemed impossible to escape.

But the monsters, terrified by the vibration, dashed wildly in all directions, and, finding themselves ringed in, churned up the water madly. The man in the chains on the flagship looked at his lead incredulously. It marked 12 fathoms, where it should have marked 25. It marked, ten, seven, four—and suddenly the sea seemed to open. Half the vessels in the attacking squadron grounded. They lay on their sides in the North Sea sand, one set of guns pointing heavenward, the other toward the bowels of the earth.

Then a huge, agitated wave, radiating outward from the still vortex in which the motor boat reeled dizzily, lashed them and buffeted them afloat. Beyond control, the dismantled, fleeing squadron drove under the pounding waves in all directions.

The flagship, driven upon the Dogger bank, lay there helpless, and the rear admiral saw his beaten navy disperse toward the four corners of the earth.

Out of the vapor, chugged a motorboat. Slowly, as the haze subsided, she drew alongside. In her stood MacBeard, triumphant in this display of his power.

Five minutes later he stood in the presence of the rear admiral, Davies and Ida, as well as of the junior officers.

"You see, we are unconquerable," he said grimly. "But I have come to offer you terms."

As a public enemy, many afterward said that he should have been hanged then and there, in spite of his envoyship. But the rear admiral refused to violate the traditions of the sea—or perhaps he realized that, MacBeard dead, he could hope for no means of subduing his unchained devils.

"What are they?" he inquired courteously.

"First," said MacBeard, "personal indemnity."

"In return for what?"

"In return for the destruction of this menace. I pledge my word that it shall disappear forever."

"But how?"

MacBeard hesitated. Eager as he now was to destroy the herd, he was not overanxious to reveal his plans. However, he yielded the point.

"As you have observed," he said, "they are completely under my control. I will take them into Skjold fjord, on the Norwegian coast. As you know, it is a huge body of water, surrounded by cliffs of high basalt, having an entrance barely large enough to admit a small steamship. Once they are there, the entrance can be blockaded until they are dead of famine. In return I demand possession of——" and he looked toward Ida.

He did not know her name, but it did not strike him as peculiar.

A glance at Ida's horror-stricken face was sufficient to enable the admiral to decide.

"We refuse," he said

MacBeard looked at him in perplexity. He could not understand why he had refused. It was not logical. His jaw dropped, and at that moment there was in his eyes the same expression of helplessness as had appeared there when he was detected with the jewels in pawnship.

But Ida stepped forward, and laid her hand on the admiral's arm.

"I cannot let you refuse," she said. "I am nothing——"

"No!" cried Davies. "You shall not accept his terms!"

"Yes," answered the girl, facing him quietly. "It is only myself, and there is the whole world at stake. Wouldn't Donald do as much for me?"

And Davies was silent. For Donald had said very much the same thing when he thought Ida dead on Fair Island.

Ida turned to MacBeard. "You wish me to be your wife?" she asked.

"Yes—if you like to call it so," he stammered in answer.

"I will go with you," she said.

The admiral interposed.

"If you wish to go, Miss Kennedy, I must accept the sacrifice," he said. "But it can only come from you." He addressed MacBeard. "I am willing so far," he said. "The government cannot refuse to ratify those terms. What is your next?"

"My third and last demand is—fifty gallons of gasoline."

The sixth and final installment of this stupendous mystery tale will appear in next week's Ledger. Don't fail to read it and find out what happened to the monsters.

* * *

Saw Many Americans.

AN AMERICAN trooper was standing on the dock where transports are disembarking the American Army in France.

His orders had kept him there since early March.

"When this war broke out," he said, "folks back home said there wouldn't be much travel abroad until after the war. But I've seen more Americans over here than in a whole lifetime back home in Muncie, Ind."

DAILY HEALTH TALKS

A SINGLE REMEDY OFTEN CURES MANY DISEASES.

BY VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.

It is almost impossible to give a list of the endless diseases that follow indigestion. Perhaps a whole column in this newspaper would be required to print them all. You eat to keep alive—to supply blood and flesh and bone and muscle and brain. It is easy to see that if your food is not digested and taken up by the delicate organs and distributed where it is needed, a disease of some sort is sure to come. Dyspepsia is a common symptom, and so are liver complaint, loss of flesh, nervousness, bad memory, dizziness, sleeplessness, no appetite. Many times, when neglected, indigestion results in coughs, throat diseases, catarrh, bronchitis and even more dangerous things. And all these disorders arise because the food is not properly digested in the stomach. It is plain even to a child that relief and cure are to be had only by setting up a healthy condition in the stomach. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., many years ago combined a number of vegetable growths into a temperance remedy for indigestion, and called it Golden Medical Discovery. It is probably the most efficacious discovery ever made in medicine, for the list of people all over the world who have had their countless ills overcome by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes an amazing total of thousands.

I know of no advice better than this: Begin a home treatment today with this good vegetable medicine. It will show you better than I can tell you what it will do. When taking Golden Medical Discovery, you can rest assured of one very important thing—it contains neither alcohol nor opiates. There is nothing in it but standard roots and herbs that possess curative properties of a high order. A safe medicine is the only kind you can afford to take.—Adv.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

ONLY $7.45 for This

High-Grade Gold Filled 10-Year-Guaranteed octagonal watch. Latest idea in thin models. Fitted with high-grade movement. Stem set and stem wind. Men and women sizes.

C. O. D. by Parcel Post

Only $7.45 to introduce this excellent time keeper. Fully worth double. We know it will please you and you will recommend it to your friends. Just pay $7.45 to postman. If not satisfied after ten days' trial, we will gladly refund your money. Order at once.

UNIVERSAL WATCH COMPANY
747 N. Lincoln St., Dept. 15A, Chicago

FREE TO MOTHERS
of Children with WEAK KIDNEYS

Good for old or young who can't control their kidneys

Mothers—save yourself the trouble of either lifting your Weak-Kidneyed Children out of bed at night or drying their bedding the next morning by giving them Zemeto. A harmless medicine that should quickly banish this disease (for it is not a habit but a disease). Zemeto is equally as good for older people who can't control their water during the night or day. Excellent for all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles.

Write us today—send no money, not even a stamp. Just your name and permanent address, and we will send you **absolutely free** a package of Zemeto. If it conquers your disease, you need pay us nothing—just tell your friends what it did for you.

ZEMETO CO., Dept. 8, Milwaukee, Wis.
Show this to some sufferer.

NEW TREATMENT THAT KNOCKS RHEUMATISM

75c BOX FREE TO ANY SUFFERER

Up in Syracuse, N. Y., a treatment for rheumatism has been found that hundreds of users say is a wonder, reporting cases that seem little short of miraculous. Just a few treatments even in the very worst cases seem to accomplish wonders even after other remedies have failed entirely. It seems to neutralize the uric acid and lime salt deposits in the blood, driving all the poisonous clogging waste from the system. Soreness, pain, stiffness, swelling just seem to melt away and vanish.

The treatment first introduced by Mr. Delano is so good that its owner wants everybody who suffers from rheumatism or who has a friend so afflicted, to get a free 75c package from him to prove just what it will do in every case before a penny is spent. Mr. Delano says: "To prove that the Delano treatment will positively overcome rheumatism, no matter how severe, stubborn or long standing the case, and even after all other treatments have failed, I will, if you have never previously used the treatment, send you a full size 75c package free if you will just cut out this notice and send it with your name and address with 10c to help pay postage and distribution expense to me personally."

F. H. Delano. 96 U Wood Building. Syracuse N. Y.
I can send only one Free Package to an address.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

FREE TO PILE SUFFERERS

Don't Be Cut Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew Up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself Permanently of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent cure of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of cured cases testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, suppositories, etc., have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one infallible treatment that positively and permanently cures.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

FREE PILE CURE COUPON

E. R. Page,
382 D Main St., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your Method to:

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Selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout.

EACH WEEK

We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you all at one time, on Friday. Only one report for you to make out each week. We show you how to make money by building up a regular route of customers that you deliver the papers to each week. You make a cash profit on every paper you sell so that in addition to the valuable premiums we also give you, you will make

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You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers. Fill out the blank below and get started right away, today. We tell you how to get the customers.

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I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell. I want to make money every week and get valuable premiums.

12

Name ....

St., R. F. D., Box No. ....

Town.......................... State..............

Modern Statues.

"THEY have an equestrian statue of George Washington in Paris," remarked the pretty teacher.

"It has been there quite a while," said the well informed boarder. "What they want now is an equestrian statue of President Wilson."

"I am not sure that it would be quite proper to immortalize President Wilson in that particular way," observed the professor. "He is not a horseman exactly."

"I suppose," said the landlady's daughter, "that it is only men who have the habit of riding around on horseback all the time who get equestrian statues. Great journalists and people like that have statues which show them merely sitting down, don't they?"

"Some statues show fellows with their feet on some other guy's neck," said the crass boarder. "Perhaps they could show President Wilson sitting down on somebody who needed sitting on."

"There aren't going to be many horseback statues from now on," declared the landlady. "And what will the Champs Elysees and all those places look like with a lot of cold marble and bronze in mere sitting positions? It won't be half so beautiful as when there are statues of men riding horseback and waving swords!"

"Inasmuch as the automobile has supplanted the horse," said the imaginative boarder, "we should have statues of great men sitting in automobiles. If you insist on animation the great man could be shown cranking up, pumping up or removing tires. And a tank captain would make a heroic statue riding in his tank, wouldn't he? He might be shown waving a cannon or a gun around."

"No," said the argumentative boarder, "our only hope for any expression of modern heroism and glory is the aeroplane. Those things are beautiful any way you look at them, and would make good statues or pictures or anything you want.

"The only trouble is that the great heads of affairs do not ride in aeroplanes. Of course, we might show President Wilson standing with one hand on an aeroplane, with the inscription, 'Ten Thousand Aeroplanes or Bust!'"

"Oh, I don't know," murmured the imaginative boarder. "All things are possible. We might have something showing the sky full of aeroplanes and the sea full of submarine eradicators and the land full of autos and tanks and President Wilson clutching a W. S. S. and saying, 'All this goes for freedom!' or something like that."

"I am sure that would be lovely," agreed the patriotic landlady, helping the imaginative boarder to the best of the pudding.

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXperience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment service rendered members. Nat'l. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 103 W, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: A BRAND NEW HOSIERY PROPOsition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and fancy stripes. You can sell at less than store prices. Every home a prospect. Write for samples. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3311 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—NEW CARBURETOR FOR FORD cars. Simple, not a moving part, installed in thirty minutes; guaranteed to double your mileage and start in zero weather without heating or priming. 15 day free trial. Write U. & J. Carburetor Co., 605B Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR BY FRANcis A. March, brother of General Peyton C. March, complete—800 pages, illustrated—official photographs. Your chance to make $500 per month. Freight paid, credit given. Outfit free. Victory Publishing Co., 431A South Dearborn, Chicago.

[illegible] OR WOMAN IN EACH COUNTY TO sell our great war history. Millions will be sold. Be first and make big money quick. [illegible] for postage on sample book. Send 15 cents [illegible] also instructions, terms and credit plan. Star Publishing Co., 501 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

AGENTS: SOMETHING NEW. 2 IN 1 REversible raincoat. Not sold in stores. Two coats for the [illegible] Guaranteed. Big seller. Clear $12.00 a day. Write for territory and demonstrating sample. Guaranteed Raincoat Co., 3811 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE; HARPER'S FIBRE Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS: WONDERFUL WINTER OPPORtunity. New winter automobile fuel, antifreeze, puncture proof, five year guaranteed spark plugs, etc. Outfit free. L. Ballwey, 7 Sta. F., Louisville, Ky.

WONDERFUL CHANCE. MEN'S SHIRTS and furnishings at wholesale rates or make $10 daily spare time as agent or start real business. Goodell Co., 136 Duratex Bldg., New York.

AGENTS—OUR "COMPLETE HISTORY OF War." Now ready. Best terms. Write today for free outfit. Nichols Co., Dept. B, Naperville, Ill.

CABBAGE CUTTER—6 KNIVES. SLICES all kinds vegetables rapidly. Prepaid $1.00, 3 for $2.60. Agents wanted. Lusher Bros., Elkhart, Ind.

AGENTS—LIVE LINE. GOOD MONEY. SOLE manufacturers, Flexo-glaze patriotic portraits. Great variety. Pan American Supply Co., 448-R North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

MEN-WOMEN-GIRLS, WANTED BY U. S. Government. Clerks at Washington—railway mail clerks—city postal clerks and carriers. $1,100 year. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 29, Rochester, N. Y.

BE SUCCESSFUL! TURN YOUR SPARE time into $$$. Six valuable formulas and many business opportunities sent complete for 10c. Richardson's Supply Co., Mishawaka, Indiana.

MONEY MAKING SECRETS EXPOSED, NO canvassing. Send 25c today for six big money making plans. W. Gifford, Sea Girt, N. J.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN-BOYS WANTED—SECRET SERVICE detectives. World's greatest profession. Beginners earn $30.00 weekly. Course, $1. Write immediately. Emerson Manning, Tappahannock, Virginia.

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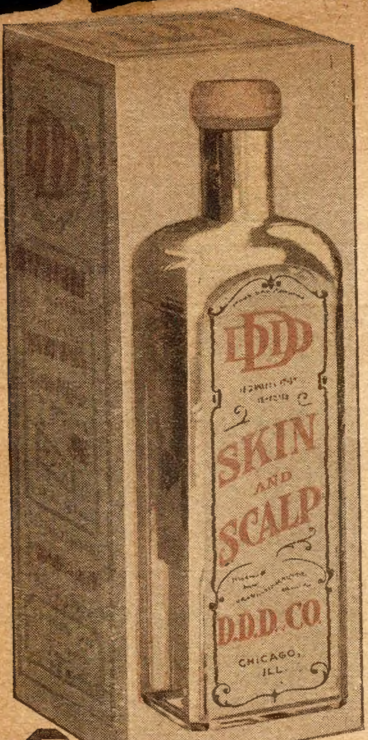

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